The Chimes Of Midnight

[Part One]

(Clock movement noise, loud ticking. Heartbeat. The ticking stops. Echoed breathing.)

(TARDIS materialisation. THE DOCTOR speaks as though he is still inside the TARDIS and CHARLEY POLLARD speaks as though she is outside. Walking out.)
THE DOCTOR: Well Charley, where are we?
CHARLEY POLLARD: I don't know, Doctor. It's too dark.
THE DOCTOR: What?
CHARLEY POLLARD: I said, it's too dark. I can't see a thing.
(Door closing as THE DOCTOR walks out.)
THE DOCTOR: You're right. It is very dark. How exciting. I do love the dark, don't you?
CHARLEY POLLARD: Well, within reason. But I think you can have too much of a good thing.
THE DOCTOR: Oh, it all just enhances the mystery, the sheer anticipation of not yet having a clue where we are.
CHARLEY POLLARD: You really haven't got a clue?
THE DOCTOR: The console isn't telling me anything at all, just a blank readout.
CHARLEY POLLARD: Oh, that sounds ominous.
THE DOCTOR: No, not at all. I've been too methodical recently I think, setting co-ordinates and things, actually deciding where we want to go. I've been getting far too safe and predictable these last few incarnations. Do you know, I once travelled for centuries, without ever knowing where I'd materialise next.
CHARLEY POLLARD: (laugh) Yes, I can believe that. However, you were supposed to be getting me to Singapore, you know. Nineteen Thirty, remember?
THE DOCTOR: Yes well, the TARDIS seems to be avoiding that precise location or time just now. We'll get there later, Charley. I thought it was time we put a bit more mystery in our lives. Let the TARDIS take us where shewants, and let us revel in the giddy thrill of our ignorance.
CHARLEY POLLARD: And she's brought us somewhere dark.
THE DOCTOR: Mm. Mind you, it really is very dark, isn't it?
CHARLEY POLLARD: Yes.
THE DOCTOR: Yes. We can't see a thing, can we?
CHARLEY POLLARD: No.
THE DOCTOR: No. Quite how the TARDIS expects us to enjoy a good mystery when we can't see a thing is beyond me. Ah, hang on, I'll go and find some torches.
(THE DOCTOR walks off, rummaging.)
THE DOCTOR: Pretty sure I have them in a box somewhere. Try to investigate a little further, Charley, find out where we've landed this time.
CHARLEY POLLARD: How do I do that? I can't even see my hand in front of my face.
THE DOCTOR: Sight is just one of your five senses. What do the others tell you?
CHARLEY POLLARD: Well, I can't hear anything.
THE DOCTOR: No?
CHARLEY POLLARD: Nothing at all.
THE DOCTOR: Well, even that might be a clue. We've landed somewhere silent.
CHARLEY POLLARD: Not a very interesting clue, though.
(It sounds as though something has toppled over in the background with THE DOCTOR's rummaging.)
THE DOCTOR: No, fair enough. How about smell?
(CHARLEY POLLARD sniffs.)
CHARLEY POLLARD: Oh, it's a bit musty.
(Sniffs again.)
CHARLEY POLLARD: But I think I can smell ... fruit.
THE DOCTOR: Really?
CHARLEY POLLARD: Yes.
(Sniffs.)
CHARLEY POLLARD: It is fruit.
(Sniffs.)
CHARLEY POLLARD: Oranges. (Sniffs.) Lemons. I can distinctly smell lemons.

THE DOCTOR: Silent and fruity. Sounds enchanting. That's one torch. Now, where's the other?
CHARLEY POLLARD: And touch.
THE DOCTOR: Be careful, Charley.
(Slight thump.)
CHARLEY POLLARD: Oh - there's a wall on my left. And on my right ... No. I can feel something . Another wall...
(Smash of glass.)
CHARLEY POLLARD: Oh!
THE DOCTOR: Charley? Charley!
(Walking over quickly.)
THE DOCTOR: Are you all right?
CHARLEY POLLARD: Yes, I think so.
THE DOCTOR: Wait, wait, wait. Let me turn the torch on. Oh, I'm so sorry, Charley, that was stupid of me. Oh, Charley?
CHARLEY POLLARD: What is it? Is that blood?
THE DOCTOR: I think so.
CHARLEY POLLARD: But there's so much of it. How can there be so much of it?
THE DOCTOR: Don't move, Charley, you may have severed an artery. Let me look.
CHARLEY POLLARD: I don't feel anything, Doctor. No pain at all.
THE DOCTOR: Shock, I expect. If only it wasn't so dark. Oh.
CHARLEY POLLARD: What is it?
THE DOCTOR: I think you can relax, Charley.
CHARLEY POLLARD: But the blood.
THE DOCTOR: Mm...
(THE DOCTOR licking.)
THE DOCTOR: It's jam. Raspberry jam if I'm not mistaken. Rather nice, in fact.
CHARLEY POLLARD: I must have knocked a jar of it onto the floor.
THE DOCTOR: Mm. We're in a larder. And a fairly well-stocked larder, too. Why are they so well-stocked? Famine, maybe? Or just a public holiday?
(Tapping on wood.)
THE DOCTOR: Nice strong shelves. A larder this size and of this quality would suggest ... a reasonably large house. The food isn't that expensive, so probably upper middle class or lower upper class. There's not much canned food, just the odd tin of cocoa and condensed milk.
CHARLEY POLLARD: Oh, I love condensed milk.
THE DOCTOR: And what's this? Custard.
CHARLEY POLLARD: Ugh!
THE DOCTOR: Good old custard, no less. Manufactured in Leeds. Which if I remember rightly, and I always do, was sold at its peak in the opening days of the Twentieth Century. The quality of the cans and the amount of fresh food here would probably put us somewhere between ... the death of Queen Victoria, and the beginning of the Great War.
CHARLEY POLLARD: Show off.
THE DOCTOR: Or not. I mean, I'm only guessing.
CHARLEY POLLARD: We could just leave the larder and take a look around.
THE DOCTOR: Yes well, that might be simpler.
(Door opening with a creak.)
THE DOCTOR: Come on. Mind the jam.

(A young woman singing while noise of pots and pans being cleaned.)
EDITH: (singing) ... angels sing, glory to the new-born King, peace on Earth, mm, mm, mm, g - God and singers reconciled...
SHAUGHNESSY: It's "sinners", Edith, not "singers".
EDITH: Oh, Mr Shaughnessy.
SHAUGHNESSY: Mind you, with singing as bad as that, I'm sure God would find reconciling himself with sinners by far the lesser sacrifice.
EDITH: I'm sorry sir, I didn't hear you come in.
SHAUGHNESSY: I should think you didn't, Edith, not with all that racket. What is it in aid of?
EDITH: I'm sorry, Mr Shaughnessy. It's just, it's Christmas, isn't it? I always love a bit of Christmas, me.
SHAUGHNESSY: Whatever the reason, it hardly explains or excuses your caterwauling.
EDITH: I'm sorry, sir.

SHAUGHNESSY: I wouldn't be surprised if his Lordship himself could hear it upstairs. We can be thankful at least that you weren't assailing "Silent Night". The irony would have been too much to bear.
EDITH: Well, I only know "Hark The Herald Angels Sing", and I hum the bits where I don't know the words.
SHAUGHNESSY: I do understand your excitement at the approach of Yuletide, Edith, but look how your work is suffering. Quite how you expect to clean pots and pans in a scullery as dirty as this, I cannot fathom. Look at this table surface. Look at all that dust.
EDITH: Yes sir, it is building up, sir.
SHAUGHNESSY: You could write your name in it. It's disgusting.
EDITH: No I couldn't.
SHAUGHNESSY: Don't contradict me, girl. I'm in no mood to tolerate contradicting and caterwauling all at the same time.
EDITH: All I mean by it, sir, is that I couldn't write my name in the dust, seeing as how I can't write my name. But if I could write my name, sir, I agree with you, there's certainly enough dust to do it.
SHAUGHNESSY: Ah ... Yes of course, Edith.
(Writing on table.)
SHAUGHNESSY: Look ... look. There is your name. I've written it for you.
EDITH: Oh, that's me, is it, sir? That's me in the dust?
SHAUGHNESSY: Yes.
EDITH: And what's your name like, sir? Oh, do show me. What a wonder it is to be educated.
SHAUGHNESSY: Now, now, now, never you mind about my name Edith, you look to your work. Now, I want these pots scrubbed and that dust cleaned, and I want it done quietly.
EDITH: Yes, sir. I'm sorry, sir.
SHAUGHNESSY: What is it I always tell you, Edith?
EDITH: Erm...
SHAUGHNESSY: What are the exact words?
EDITH: I'm nothing, sir. I'm nobody.
SHAUGHNESSY: That's it. Good girl. Carry on.

THE DOCTOR: It's a scullery.
CHARLEY POLLARD: It seems you're right. We're in an Edwardian house.
THE DOCTOR: Or some time afterwards.
CHARLEY POLLARD: No, I don't think so. If I point the torch over there, do you see? It's an old washboard. The scullery maid in the house I grew up in was used to equipment a little more advanced than that.
THE DOCTOR: Well, maybe the people who live in this house are simply poorer than your family.
CHARLEY POLLARD: Not judging by the size of this room. This is a far larger scullery than the one I'm used to.
THE DOCTOR: Mm. Do you see anything else which distinguishes this scullery from the one in your house in Nineteen Thirty?
CHARLEY POLLARD: Well, no. But then, I didn't spend much time there. It was just the scullery after all.
THE DOCTOR: It's not exactly proof, but I think saying we're in the Edwardian Era is a good working theory. Nineteen Hundred and One to Nineteen Ten. The latter years, if the contents of the larder are any indication.
(Walking over.)
THE DOCTOR: Look, there are candles over there. We'd better use those instead. Here.
(Matches being taken out of a matchbox and a match being struck.)
THE DOCTOR: That's better. You light the other one whilst I put these torches back in the TARDIS. There's no need to be more anachronistic than is strictly necessary.
CHARLEY POLLARD: (chuckle) Whereas of course the presence of a Police Telephone Box in the larder won't give any cause for comment at all.
THE DOCTOR: No well, we'll just have to hope nobody wants any raspberry jam. I'll be back in a moment.
CHARLEY POLLARD: All right.
(Walking off, opening door. Match being struck.)
CHARLEY POLLARD: Whoever this scullery maid is, she's ... not very good at her job. These

plates have been left dirty.
(Noise of removing plates from water.)
CHARLEY POLLARD: But these ones are clean. She's left the job half-done.
(Door opened, walking over.)
THE DOCTOR: Found anything interesting?
CHARLEY POLLARD: Well, if my father had employed a maid like this he'd have sacked her on the spot. Leaving the plates soaking in cold water.
THE DOCTOR: And is the water cold?
CHARLEY POLLARD: Well, I'd assume so. It's dark and there's no-one here.
(Splash.)
CHARLEY POLLARD: Oh. That's odd. It's still hot. Perhaps she meant to return in a few minutes.
THE DOCTOR: Then why is it so dark here?
CHARLEY POLLARD: And where is she?
THE DOCTOR: Edith Thompson.
CHARLEY POLLARD: What?
THE DOCTOR: Here, look. The name written in the dust. Our missing maid, perhaps.
CHARLEY POLLARD: We used to have an Edith working for us too.
(Writing on dust.)
CHARLEY POLLARD: Charley ... Pollard. There. I've written my name beside it.
(Noise like a gust of wind or a growl.)
CHARLEY POLLARD: Doctor!
THE DOCTOR: What is it?
CHARLEY POLLARD: The dust, it - it spread back over my name. Look, it's gone.
THE DOCTOR: Yes. That is odd.
CHARLEY POLLARD: But Edith's name is left intact.
(Dust noise.)
CHARLEY POLLARD: Doctor, I can't wipe it away. It's as if it's frozen there. It must be some sort of trick.
THE DOCTOR: Curiouser and curiouser, because you remember that jar of raspberry jam you spilt in the larder?
CHARLEY POLLARD: What about it?
THE DOCTOR: Well, when I returned to the TARDIS I saw it sitting back on the shelf.
CHARLEY POLLARD: Just a moment, I spilt some on my dress ... No. That's gone too. Oh Doctor, that doesn't make sense.
THE DOCTOR: No it doesn't, does it? Come on, let's see if we can find anyone to explain what's going on.

(Chopping.)
SHAUGHNESSY: I trust all will be ready for tomorrow, Mrs Baddeley?
MRS BADDELEY: Oh yes, Mr Shaughnessy. I assure you there'll be a veritable Christmas feast. Such a big turkey this year. You wouldn't believe the size of it, Mr Shaughnessy. It took all my strength and dexterity just to cram all its feet onto the plate at the same time.
SHAUGHNESSY: Oh, indeed?
MRS BADDELEY: Just as I squeezed one of its legs into place - blow me, if another leg didn't pop out the other side. It's a veritable monster, Mr Shaughnessy. And I've made them one of my famous plum puddings too. Christmas wouldn't be Christmas without one of my plum puddings.
SHAUGHNESSY: Sounds like a meal Mrs Beeton herself would be proud of.
MRS BADDELEY: Oh! Begging your pardon, Mr Shaughnessy, but Mrs Beeton can go hang. Begging your pardon, Mr Shaughnessy, her plum puddings are nothing to mine. They've been passed down the Baddeleys for generations. It's a secret recipe.
SHAUGHNESSY: I have no doubt, Mrs Baddeley, that you will do your best to surpass yourself.
(In the background EDITH singing)
EDITH: Hark the herald angels sing, glory to the new-born King...
MRS BADDELEY: I keep trying to surpass myself, Mr Shaughnessy, I really do, if only I were given a little help. Edith? Edith! Get in here.
EDITH: (faint) But I'm working in the scullery, Mrs Baddeley.
MRS BADDELEY: Well, you're no good to me in the scullery. I want you in the kitchen. Hurry up.
(Door opening, walking in.)

EDITH: I'm washing the pots, Mrs Baddeley, and then I'm dusting the room, just as Mr Shaughnessy said, didn't you, Mr Shaughnessy?
MRS BADDELEY: Don't answer me back, girl.
SHAUGHNESSY: Don't answer back Mrs Baddeley, Edith.
EDITH: No, sir. Sorry, sir.
MRS BADDELEY: You do as I tell you, or what's the good of you, I should like to know.
EDITH: Yes, Mrs Baddeley, sorry.
SHAUGHNESSY: Do as Mrs Baddeley instructs you, Edith, and then you may return to the pots and dusting.
EDITH: Yes sir. Thank you, sir.
MRS BADDELEY: The plum pudding will be ready now. Take it off the stove for me. I'm too busy chopping vegetables.
(EDITH gasp and something drops.)
MRS BADDELEY: Careful!
EDITH: It's hot!
MRS BADDELEY: Well, of course it's hot, you stupid girl, it's been steaming these past six hours. Put it down here.
(Plate put down.)
MRS BADDELEY: Oh! She's an idiot, Mr Shaughnessy, a veritable idiot.
SHAUGHNESSY: Indeed. Oh, your plum pudding, Mrs Baddeley, has a wonderful scent.
MRS BADDELEY: Thank you, Mr Shaughnessy.
EDITH: I love the smell of warm plum pudding. Will we eat this on Christmas Day?
MRS BADDELEY: Don't you go tasting it, Edith.
EDITH: I wasn't gonna taste it.
MRS BADDELEY: This is going upstairs, Edith. Our plum pudding is sitting over there.
EDITH: Well, it's a lot smaller.
SHAUGHNESSY: Naturally.
EDITH: But there are more servants down here than there are them upstairs, so shouldn't we get the bigger pudding?
SHAUGHNESSY: That is a wicked thought, Edith.
EDITH: Is it? I'm sorry, I don't want to be wicked, not at Christmas.
MRS BADDELEY: I should think not. We're nothing. We're nobody. Remember that.
EDITH: Oh, I will. I love your plum pudding, Mrs Baddeley. Christmas wouldn't be Christmas without your plum pudding.
MRS BADDELEY: That's not a very original observation, Edith. Everyone says that about my plum pudding. Now, get peeling them spuds.
(Bell ringing.)
SHAUGHNESSY: Ah. That'll be the drawing-room. His Lordship will be wanting his sherry. Start peeling those potatoes, Edith.
(Walking off.)
EDITH: Yes, Mr Shaughnessy. I am already, Mr Shaughnessy.
(Noise of door being opened.)
SHAUGHNESSY: Don't answer back. And when you've done that, finish your scrubbing and dusting.
(Door closed.)
MRS BADDELEY: How you think you're ever going to get on by antagonising Mr Shaughnessy is quite beyond me. And you'd like to get on, wouldn't you, Edith? You want to be a cook like me.
EDITH: Yes, Mrs Baddeley.
MRS BADDELEY: You have designs on my plum pudding. Well, you'll never amount to a cook, Edith. You'll never amount to anything. Over my dead body.
EDITH: Yes, Mrs Baddeley.
(Door opens.)
FREDERICK: Good evening, ladies!
MRS BADDELEY: Good evening.
EDITH: Good evening, Frederick.
FREDERICK: What have you got there, Edith? One of Mrs Baddeley's famous plum puddings, I'll be bound.
EDITH: Oh, yes. But it's for upstairs. You're not to touch it.
FREDERICK: Then I won't.

MRS BADDELEY: They're famous, my puddings. Edith might think she could be a cook, but she wouldn't make a pudding like this. Not in a million years.
FREDERICK: Christmas wouldn't be Christmas without one of your plum puddings, would it, Mrs Baddeley? It just wouldn't be Christmas.
(He clears his throat.)
FREDERICK: I - I wonder Mrs Baddeley, if, er ... I can have a private word.
MRS BADDELEY: Edith, go back to your duties in the scullery.
EDITH: But you just called me in here.
MRS BADDELEY: And now I'm sending you out again. What's the matter with you, girl? Go on, get away with you.
EDITH: I'm sorry, Mrs Baddeley. I'm sorry, Frederick.
(Walking off, door closing. Chopping continues.)
MRS BADDELEY: I know what you want to say to me, and I'm telling you now, it'll do you no good.
FREDERICK: But I'm sure we can some to some arrangement. What do you say?

(Door opened with a creak, walking in.)
THE DOCTOR: The kitchen.
CHARLEY POLLARD: And there's still no-one to be seen.
THE DOCTOR: No, not a soul. Ah-ha! I've found a plum pudding, though.
CHARLEY POLLARD: Oh, I've found another. Look, I'll shine the candle.
THE DOCTOR: An Edwardian Christmas. How lovely.
CHARLEY POLLARD: Mm. I never much liked plum pudding. Cook always used to make far too much of it, and we were still picking our way through it by New Year.
THE DOCTOR: Oh, I love a bit of plum pudding, though. Mm! With brandy butter too. I wonder if I can find any...
CHARLEY POLLARD: And she always used to put threepenny bits inside. And I was always frightened I'd bite straight into one and break a tooth.
THE DOCTOR: Spoilsport, but we're agreed it's Christmas, then?
CHARLEY POLLARD: Oh yes.
THE DOCTOR: The question is, have we missed the day itself? See if you can find a turkey anywhere.
CHARLEY POLLARD: Mm. Turkey hunting, turkey hunting ... Ah-ha! I've hunted the turkey. Already cooked and waiting to be eaten.
THE DOCTOR: Christmas Eve, then. The kitchen should be buzzing with action.
CHARLEY POLLARD: So where is everybody?
THE DOCTOR: What worries me, Charley, is that they might still be here all around us. That we are the ones who've gone missing somewhere.
CHARLEY POLLARD: Shh! Doctor.
(Faint noise in the background, a voice.)
CHARLEY POLLARD: What's that?
THE DOCTOR: I can't hear anything.
CHARLEY POLLARD: It's very quiet. Listen.
(Very faint EDITH singing.)
CHARLEY POLLARD: Hark The Herald Angels Sing. Ah!
(She hums the next verses which would be "peace on earth and mercy mild, God and sinners reconciled.")
CHARLEY POLLARD: There! Do you hear it?
THE DOCTOR: No.
CHARLEY POLLARD: Oh. It's gone now. I suppose it could be a carol singer outside somewhere.
THE DOCTOR: I hope so, I honestly hope so. Come on, let's see what else we can find.

(Chopping noises.)
FREDERICK: Christmas wouldn't be Christmas without one of your plum puddings, would it, Mrs Baddeley? It just wouldn't be Christmas.
CHARLEY POLLARD: (faint) Ah-ha! I've hunted the turkey.
EDITH: Did you hear that?
FREDERICK: Hear what?
EDITH: They're hunting the turkeys. Someone's hunting the turkeys.

MRS BADDELEY: His Lordship doesn't hunt turkeys, Edith. He hunts foxes.
EDITH: No. She definitely said turkeys.
FREDERICK: I wonder, Mrs Baddeley, if I could have a private word.
MRS BADDELEY: Edith, go back to your duties in the scullery.
EDITH: Such an odd voice too. Sounded so very far away.
MRS BADDELEY: Edith!
EDITH: Yes, Mrs Baddeley.
(Walking, door closing with a creak.)
MRS BADDELEY: I know what you want to say to me, and I'm telling you now, it'll do you no good.
FREDERICK: But I'm sure we can come to some arrangement. What do you say?
MRS BADDELEY: You're wasting your breath. I know what you are, Frederick. I knew the moment you came to work here. You're a veritable monster. Mr Baddeley was just the same, God rest his soul. I knew when I saw you you'd be after just one thing, and it wasn't plum pudding.
FREDERICK: You're not going to say anything, are you? I'll lose my job.
MRS BADDELEY: That's for her Ladyship to decide.
FREDERICK: And Mary will lose her job too.
MRS BADDELEY: Mary should know better. Huh! With all her airs and graces you'd think that she was the Lady here. We women have to take care of ourselves surrounded by men like you. If we fall, we fall for ever.
FREDERICK: For God's sake, it was only a bit of bleedin' fun.
MRS BADDELEY: Don't you say God's name to me, Frederick, not with his birthday coming up an' all. You should be ashamed of yourself.
FREDERICK: And I am ashamed of myself. Please, Mrs Baddeley, let's think about this. It was only a bit of fun. I'll make sure it never happens again. I'll tell Mary, it'll never happen again. Look, I'll give you money. I've got money. How much money would you like?
MRS BADDELEY: Oh, I don't want your money! In the years I've been working here I've put together quite a few savings. When I leave here - and with the likes of you in the house I feel that day is ever creeping nearer - I'll be all right, thank you very much. I'm a good bit richer than you are.
FREDERICK: I bet you're not as strong as me though, are you?
MRS BADDELEY: What was that? Was that a threat?
FREDERICK: I was just saying, that's all.
MRS BADDELEY: Get out of my kitchen. Get out at once.
FREDERICK: You should be careful, Mrs Baddeley. You've left me with nothing to lose.
MRS BADDELEY: Go on, get out.
(Walking, door closed.)

(Door opened, walking in.)
CHARLEY POLLARD: This must be where the servants relax. Look, they've even got a little Christmas tree.
THE DOCTOR: Mm. The fire's burning in the grate, but there's still no-one here.
CHARLEY POLLARD: But Doctor ... it isn't burning. Look at the flames - they're not moving.
THE DOCTOR: I don't like this Charley, not one bit.
CHARLEY POLLARD: Could we be somewhere ... I don't know, which is just ... frozen, where nothing is moving?
THE DOCTOR: Pull a cracker with me.
CHARLEY POLLARD: Do you think we should? It's not really ours to pull, is it?
THE DOCTOR: As an experiment. One...
CHARLEY POLLARD: Two, three!
(Cracker pulled.)
THE DOCTOR: I win. No, wait.
(Reverse noise.)
THE DOCTOR: Well, there's a novelty. Reusable crackers.
CHARLEY POLLARD: What's going on, Doctor? It's as if ... we're not being allowed to make any impression here.
THE DOCTOR: Yes, that's right. Time itself not letting us in. There's only one problem with that theory.
CHARLEY POLLARD: Which is?

THE DOCTOR: Well, it's not possible. Time doesn't work like that. At least, not without some direct intervention.
CHARLEY POLLARD: You mean, whatever is happening here, is happening deliberately?
THE DOCTOR: I just don't know.
CHARLEY POLLARD: Which means that whoever is doing this, could be watching us at this very moment.
THE DOCTOR: Pull the cracker with me again.
CHARLEY POLLARD: What for?
THE DOCTOR: Please. I want to check something.
(Cracker pulled, reverse noise.)
CHARLEY POLLARD: It was just as before. It's come back together in your hand.
THE DOCTOR: Ah, not quite. Look what I was able to get hold of.
CHARLEY POLLARD: A paper hat?
THE DOCTOR: Before the cracker sealed, I grabbed it.
CHARLEY POLLARD: Does that do us any good?
THE DOCTOR: Well, firstly I can wear it.
(Noise of paper rustling.)
THE DOCTOR: There. Very festive.
(Gentle laugh from CHARLEY POLLARD.)
THE DOCTOR: And secondly, it proves we can reach in. We can affect things here. So whatever is keeping us out, it can't do it completely ... Oh. Oh dear.
CHARLEY POLLARD: What is it?
THE DOCTOR: I've just had an alarming thought. That means that things could reach out, and affect us .
CHARLEY POLLARD: Oh, there's also a joke - there, it fell on the floor.
THE DOCTOR: Let's see.
(Paper unfolded.)
THE DOCTOR: When is a door not a door?
CHARLEY POLLARD: (sighs.) When it's a jar. It's a very old joke.
THE DOCTOR: Well, it's a very old cracker. Let's see what it says, Charley.
(Paper turned over.)
THE DOCTOR: That's not the answer.
CHARLEY POLLARD: What does it say?
(CHARLEY POLLARD takes it.)
CHARLEY POLLARD: When is a door not a door? When it's a raspberry jam jar.
THE DOCTOR: It's mocking us. Whatever this force is, it's mocking us.

(Howling winter wind.)
MARY: So much snow. I've never seen so much snow.
(Door opened and closed.)
MARY: Frederick? Come to the window and join me. It's like a Christmas card outside.
FREDERICK: No thanks. I'd rather stand by the fire than by a draughty window, if it's all the same to you.
MARY: And what if it isn't all the same to me? I've got something for you. Freddy?
FREDERICK: What have you got there?
MARY: Silly. It's a sprig of mistletoe, isn't it? Come and give me a kiss.
FREDERICK: No thanks.
MARY: No-one will see. They're all busy apart from us. A chauffeur with nowhere to drive his car, and a Lady's maid, whose lady is no doubt having the time of her life upstairs without her, thank you very much. Come on, Frederick. We can have the time of our lives too.
FREDERICK: Leave me be, Mary.
MARY: I can make you warmer than that fire ever could.
FREDERICK: Can't you just leave it, I said!
MARY: I only wanted a kiss. Freddy? Freddy, please.
FREDERICK: It's over, Mary. What we did, it was a mistake, a silly accident.
MARY: All those times?
FREDERICK: Lots of accidents, then. No, Mary ... get off!
MARY: Is this because Mrs Baddeley saw us?
FREDERICK: She said she'll tell upstairs. She'll get us the sack.
MARY: Interfering old cow! Let her. We were meant for better than this, my love.

FREDERICK: Listen to me. There is nothing better than this. Do you hear me? This is it. Me driving a car around. You helping her Ladyship with her clothes - it's the best we're ever going to get. We're nothing, Mary. Do you hear me? We're nobody.
MARY: This isn't because you prefer Edith?
FREDERICK: A scullery maid? Give over.
MARY: I've seen you looking at her.
FREDERICK: A chauffeur with a scullery maid? The idea.
MARY: (chuckle.) No, you couldn't love Edith, could you? Nobody could love anyone quite that dense.
FREDERICK: The likes of you and me, Mary. We haven't the right to love anyone. Not anyone. (Walking off.)
MARY: Freddy?
FREDERICK: Leave me alone!
(Door closed.)
MARY: I won't let anyone get in the way of our love. Not Mrs Baddeley. Not Edith. Not even you, Freddy. Not even you.

THE DOCTOR: And you can't even hear the wind.
CHARLEY POLLARD: What, Doctor?
THE DOCTOR: Look at the snow outside. The wind out there is blowing a gale. We can't hear it. We can't even feel it. Even double glazing would let the cold through, but there's nothing.
CHARLEY POLLARD: And yet we can feel the heat from the fire.
THE DOCTOR: Yes, you're right. Strange, that.
CHARLEY POLLARD: Mm. The flames don't move, but it's still making the room warm.
THE DOCTOR: I wonder if it burns.
(Rustling.)
THE DOCTOR: Wait, I'll try my hat.
(Noise like the reversal earlier but slightly different, and then the faint singing starts to be heard.)
CHARLEY POLLARD: It unfroze. Just for a few seconds.
THE DOCTOR: But long enough to burn the hat. And now the flames, look - they've frozen into a different position. Charley, what is it?
CHARLEY POLLARD: It's the Christmas carol. Hark The Herald Angels Sing. It's very faint.
THE DOCTOR: I still can't hear anything. Charley, can you tell where it's coming from?
CHARLEY POLLARD: No, it ... it's too faint. Oh, I can barely hear it now.
THE DOCTOR: Maybe when I burned the hat, maybe we broke into that other world for a few seconds. Wait. I'll burn the cracker too.
(Reversal noise, and distant singing again.)
CHARLEY POLLARD: Yes, that's better, it's louder.
THE DOCTOR: Where's it coming from, Charley? Where's the way in?
CHARLEY POLLARD: Burn something else. Find something else, Doctor.
THE DOCTOR: The tablecloth. I'll try the tablecloth.
(Pulling, faint clink of glass smashing. EDITH singing louder.)
EDITH: (faint singing) Glory to the new-born King...
CHARLEY POLLARD: Quick, back the way we came.
THE DOCTOR: Through the kitchen?
(Running off.)
CHARLEY POLLARD: Yes. Into the scullery. That's where it's coming from.
EDITH: (faint singing) Peace on Earth...
(Her voice fades away, leaving a faint singing echo.)

(Running in, while EDITH sings verse of the song wrongly.)
EDITH: (echoed singing) God and singers reconciled...
CHARLEY POLLARD: I can hear her, Doctor. It's as if she's standing in the room with us. Can't you hear anything?
EDITH: (echoed singing) Joyful all ye nations rise...
THE DOCTOR: No. Try talking to her. See if you can get through to her.
EDITH: (echoed singing) Join the triumph of the skies...
CHARLEY POLLARD: Doctor?
THE DOCTOR: Somewhere here is the door out of this. You must see if you can find it, Charley.

EDITH: (echoed singing) With the angelic host proclaim...
CHARLEY POLLARD: Hello?
EDITH: (echoed singing) Christ is born in Bethlehem...
CHARLEY POLLARD: Are you there? Can you hear me?
EDITH: (echoed singing) Hark...
CHARLEY POLLARD: Oh, it's all right. You needn't be frightened. Please.
THE DOCTOR: What's happening, Charley? What do you see?
CHARLEY POLLARD: Nothing. I think I frightened her off. It's just silence again.
(Ticking clock starts to be heard.)
CHARLEY POLLARD: No, wait. It's ... ticking.
THE DOCTOR: What did you say?
CHARLEY POLLARD: A clock. It's ... it's like a clock ticking. Growing louder and louder.
(Other voices mockingly saying "a scullery maid".)
CHARLEY POLLARD: They're talking to me.
THE DOCTOR: Who's talking to you, Charley?
CHARLEY POLLARD: I don't know. I can't make it out. Who are you?
(Voices continue.)
CHARLEY POLLARD: Who are you all? What do you want with us?
THE DOCTOR: Charley?
CHARLEY POLLARD: Oh, why is this happening to me? Doctor, it's too much!
(Voices stop like a record player being turned off suddenly.)
EDITH: Hark the herald angels sing, glory to the new-born King.
(Noise like the reversal.)
CHARLEY POLLARD: Excuse me. Hello.
(Dropping of something which smashes. EDITH gasps.)
EDITH: I didn't see yer, creeping up on me like that.
CHARLEY POLLARD: Oh, I'm sorry.
EDITH: No, I'm sorry, Miss. I'm sorry. Speaking before I was being spoken at. I'm sorry. You won't tell, will yer?
CHARLEY POLLARD: No, of course not.
EDITH: Only, Mrs Baddeley, or worse Mr Shaughnessy, they'd go spare, Miss.
CHARLEY POLLARD: I promise, I won't tell.
EDITH: Ah, you've got a good heart, Miss. You're from ... upstairs, aren't yer?
CHARLEY POLLARD: Yes, I ... I suppose I am.
EDITH: Oh, I never see nobody from upstairs. There's a big plum pudding in there for you. The biggest ever. It's all right, I haven't tasted it. I wanted to, mind, but - I didn't do it. Was it my singing that brought you down? Was it too loud?
CHARLEY POLLARD: I did hear you singing.
EDITH: Caterwauling, Mr Shaughnessy calls it. "You stop that caterwauling right now!" Please don't tell. I've got all this scrubbing and dusting to do, see. There's so much dust I could write my name in it.
CHARLEY POLLARD: Edith Thompson?
EDITH: Oh, that's it. See it there? I wrote that all by myself.
CHARLEY POLLARD: I'm sure.
EDITH: All by myself, mind. I didn't have no help.
(Noise of writing.)
EDITH: Just a moment. There's more writing appearing. How's that happening, then?
CHARLEY POLLARD: Charley Pollard.
EDITH: Charley Pollard? Is that what it says? Who's that, then?
THE DOCTOR: (faint voice) Charley? Can you hear me?
CHARLEY POLLARD: It's me.
EDITH: Charley? That's a funny name for a girl. Oh, I don't mean nothing by it, it's a nice name.
(Sound like a breeze and EDITH suddenly changes, becoming serious.)
EDITH: Charley, there'll be a death here soon.
CHARLEY POLLARD: Edith! What are you saying? Whose death?
EDITH: Mine, Charley. Mine.
(EDITH suddenly changes back.)
EDITH: Oh, I don't mean nothing by it, it's a nice name. I wish I was called Charley.
THE DOCTOR: (faint voice) Charley! Come back!
(Noise like the start of a cry, then CHARLEY POLLARD with THE DOCTOR.)

CHARLEY POLLARD: Doctor!
THE DOCTOR: Charley. Are you all right?
CHARLEY POLLARD: Yes, I think so.
THE DOCTOR: Where were you Charley? What did you see?
CHARLEY POLLARD: I was right here, standing right here. But I was with the maid. With Edith Thompson. Couldn't you see me?
THE DOCTOR: You were frozen, just like the flames, like everything in this house. I thought I'd lost you.
CHARLEY POLLARD: Doctor, she said she was going to die. Edith said she was going to die.
THE DOCTOR: Do you hear that?
(Ticking in the background.)
THE DOCTOR: A clock ticking. A grandfather clock.
CHARLEY POLLARD: You can hear it too? I thought it was just me.
(Walking off.)
THE DOCTOR: Come on Charley, back to the TARDIS.
CHARLEY POLLARD: Doctor?
THE DOCTOR: There are some mysteries best left unsolved, and something has gone to great lengths to stop us from interfering.
CHARLEY POLLARD: You're frightened.
THE DOCTOR: Yes.
(Chiming of clock.)
THE DOCTOR: Too late. I think that whatever was keeping us out, has decided to let us in.
(Amid the chiming, a woman's scream.)

[Part Two]

(Ticking sound.)
THE DOCTOR: Do you hear that? A clock ticking. A grandfather clock.
CHARLEY POLLARD: You can hear it too? I thought it was just me.
(Waking off.)
THE DOCTOR: Come on Charley, back to the TARDIS.
CHARLEY POLLARD: Doctor?
THE DOCTOR: There are some mysteries best left unsolved, and something has gone to great lengths to stop us from interfering.
CHARLEY POLLARD: You're frightened.
THE DOCTOR: Yes.
(Chiming of clock.)
THE DOCTOR: Too late. I think that whatever was keeping us out, has decided to let us in.
(Amid the chiming, a woman's scream. Then heartbeat.)
THE DOCTOR: (echoing, faint) We've arrived...
CHARLEY POLLARD: (faint) Hello?
THE DOCTOR: We've arrived. Charley, are you all right?
CHARLEY POLLARD: Yes, I think so. Doctor, look!
THE DOCTOR: Oh my word.
(Walking over.)
CHARLEY POLLARD: That's the maid. That's Edith.
(Water splashes.)
THE DOCTOR: Give me a hand with her. Keep her head out of the water.
CHARLEY POLLARD: But I was only speaking to her a moment ago.
(The door opens. Others walking in.)
SHAUGHNESSY: What's happening in here?
MARY: There was a scream.
THE DOCTOR: It's your scullery maid. We found her drowning in her own sink.
MARY: Oh no!
FREDERICK: Mary, it's all right.
MRS BADDELEY: Oh my goodness, that such a thing could happen in my kitchens.
THE DOCTOR: Give me a hand with her, someone, quickly!
SHAUGHNESSY: Yes, of course. Frederick, assist the gentleman in removing Edith from the washbasin.
FREDERICK: Yes, Mr Shaughnessy.

(A final slosh of her being pulled out. Slight wet slap as she is put on ground.)
SHAUGHNESSY: Let me assure you, sir, if Edith has inconvenienced you in any way, I will have her formally reprimanded.
MRS BADDELEY: He's good at that, sir, is Mr Shaughnessy. He's a veritable tyrant with his formal reprimands.
THE DOCTOR: Give me room, can't you, I'm trying to save her life!
(A few gasps as though he is giving her the kiss of life.)
CHARLEY POLLARD: (quietly) Well?
THE DOCTOR: I'm sorry. I'm afraid she's dead.
CHARLEY POLLARD: Oh no.
THE DOCTOR: I don't understand it. Her lungs are full of water. There couldn't be that much water in the sink in the first place. I should have been able to save her.
SHAUGHNESSY: This is most unfortunate. To lose a scullery maid on Christmas Eve. (Walking.)
MARY: But Edith never was very good at timing, was she?
THE DOCTOR: Listen. I know how this must look. Coming in to find two strangers over a dead body.
CHARLEY POLLARD: But we really had nothing to do with it.
SHAUGHNESSY: Well, of course you had nothing to do with it.
MRS BADDELEY: The very idea.
SHAUGHNESSY: We count ourselves lucky, Doctor, that the chief inspector of Scotland Yard was being entertained upstairs at the time of this most unhappy accident.
THE DOCTOR: The chief inspector of Scotland Yard?
FREDERICK: Yes, of course. You are the Doctor, aren't you?
THE DOCTOR: Yes. I am.
MARY: And this is Miss Pollard? Your niece?
CHARLEY POLLARD: Well ... yes.
SHAUGHNESSY: It is indeed a happy coincidence you are both already here, so that this matter can be resolved as swiftly as possible.
THE DOCTOR: Well, I'll do my best, Mr...
SHAUGHNESSY: No Mister, sir. Shaughnessy. Just plain Shaughnessy to a man of your rank.
MRS BADDELEY: You will be able to solve this case before morning, won't you, Doctor? I don't want it spoiling Christmas. Not when I've got my famous plum puddings all ready and cooling next door.
MARY: Oh yes. Well, Christmas wouldn't be Christmas without one of your plum puddings.
SHAUGHNESSY: Now don't worry Mrs Baddeley. Have faith in the Doctor and Miss Pollard. I assume, Doctor, we can safely conclude it was suicide?
CHARLEY POLLARD: Suicide?
MRS BADDELEY: The poor unfortunate. She was such an unhappy child.
THE DOCTOR: In fact, it is extraordinarily difficult to drown yourself standing up with your head in a sink. As soon as the body loses consciousness, she'd have passed out and fallen, pulling her head out of the water.
MARY: Oh, don't he talk posh with all his scientific terms, don't he, Frederick? Losing consciousness, indeed.
FREDERICK: That's what makes him a gentleman, Mary.
THE DOCTOR: I'd even go so far as to say it was impossible.
MRS BADDELEY: Well, Edith was a very stupid girl, Doctor. She may not have known it was impossible when she did it.
FREDERICK: She certainly wasn't the sharpest tool in the box.
SHAUGHNESSY: That's your answer, Doctor. Mrs Baddeley has it. Edith was so simple-minded that she didn't realise she couldn't drown herself in the sink, and so she did.
THE DOCTOR: Mm. What an interesting theory.
SHAUGHNESSY: Do you have another, Doctor?
CHARLEY POLLARD: Oh, come on. It's perfectly obvious. The poor girl was murdered.
MRS BADDELEY: Murdered? Oh, that such a thing could happen in my kitchens. When I've got my plum puddings ready and cooling.
FREDERICK: Wouldn't be Christmas without them.
SHAUGHNESSY: Murder, Doctor? Well, I'm sure you know your business. No doubt you will want to interview us all, one by one, in order to ascertain which of us is the guilty culprit?
THE DOCTOR: Yes. Yes, that's the idea.

SHAUGHNESSY: Then I shall be in my pantry, Doctor, when you need me. The rest of you, return to your duties until you are requested by the Doctor and Miss Pollard, and obey them in all things.
OTHERS: Yes, Mr Shaughnessy.
SHAUGHNESSY: Save, naturally, in matters regarding the household.
(Walking off.)
FREDERICK: We will wait for you, Doctor. Miss. Come along, Mary.
(Walking over.)
MRS BADDELEY: I must check my plum pudding. With all the commotion I wouldn't be surprised if it's quite gone off...
(The door closed.)
THE DOCTOR: Chief inspector of Scotland Yard, eh?
CHARLEY POLLARD: I'd rather we were amateur sleuths, like in those Agatha Christie novels. Doctor, what's going on here?
THE DOCTOR: I don't know, Charley, I really don't know.
CHARLEY POLLARD: That poor girl. She warned me she was going to die. She knew she was.
(Pacing.)
THE DOCTOR: She was killed at precisely ten o'clock. I wonder if that's significant.
CHARLEY POLLARD: Perhaps the murderer was trying to mask the sound of any struggle beneath the chimes of the grandfather clock.
THE DOCTOR: Yes, possibly.
CHARLEY POLLARD: Except it didn't work. Edith still had time to scream.
THE DOCTOR: But if the killer didn't want to be discovered, why kill Edith in such a contrived manner? Drowning someone is hardly the quietest method of murder. You've seen how small the staff quarters are down here, Charley, the killer must have known he could be found at any moment, and yet he chooses to kill her like this, face down in the sink. Something's wrong about this. It all feels too calculated, too deliberate.
CHARLEY POLLARD: Just as something deliberately shut us out.
THE DOCTOR: And now just as deliberately has let us in, and gives us roles to perform. A pair of detectives, trying to solve a Christmas murder. I don't like being given a role to play, Charley. I prefer to find my own.
CHARLEY POLLARD: So what do we do?
THE DOCTOR: Oh, we'll play detective - we've no choice, for the moment. Speak to the cook and the maid, see what you can learn. I'll question the men.
CHARLEY POLLARD: And what are we investigating? The murder, or the time anomaly?
THE DOCTOR: Well, I'd be very surprised if the two weren't connected. Take care of yourself, Charley. There's more to this than meets the eye.

(Knocks at a door. Door opens. THE DOCTOR clears his throat.)
SHAUGHNESSY: Oh! Please, sir, come in.
(Door closed, walking in.)
SHAUGHNESSY: There's no need to knock. You have complete authority in this house.
THE DOCTOR: Thank you. Please, won't you be seated?
SHAUGHNESSY: Thank you, Doctor.
(A creak of a wooden chair as he sits down.)
SHAUGHNESSY: May I be permitted to ask how the investigation is proceeding? Are you close to bringing the felon to justice?
THE DOCTOR: I have only just started, Shaughnessy.
SHAUGHNESSY: A terrible business, this. Murder. It is to be hoped that the disgrace will in no way taint his Lordship, that it will only fall on us, the staff.
THE DOCTOR: Do you know why anybody would want to kill Edith? Did you like the girl?
SHAUGHNESSY: Like didn't really come into it, Doctor. She was the scullery maid. But she'll be missed.
THE DOCTOR: So you did have a little affection for her.
SHAUGHNESSY: Oh no. She was noisy, and she was lazy, and she was ugly.
THE DOCTOR: But you said she'd be missed.
SHAUGHNESSY: Indeed she will, sir. She cleaned the pots and pans.
THE DOCTOR: Yes, I see. Is there anything else you know about her?
SHAUGHNESSY: She was the scullery maid, Doctor. Nothing more.

MRS BADDELEY: I don't want any more lip from you, m'girl. You're to get to those pots and pans.
MARY: But that's not my job. That's Edith's job. I'm a ladies' maid. My place isn't in the scullery.
MRS BADDELEY: Well, now Edith's dead, you'll just have to fill in for her. Do you the world of good, you with all your airs and graces.
(Walking over.)
CHARLEY POLLARD: Excuse me, I wonder if I could ask you a few questions?
MRS BADDELEY: Of course you can, my poppet. Anything you like. Well, go on, Mary, about your business.
MARY: It isn't fair. I bet if I'd been the one who was horribly murdered, you wouldn't ask Edith to do my duties. It's favouritism. And what about Edith's body? You expect me to work in there with that on the floor?
MRS BADDELEY: Why ever not? It doesn't take up much room.
(Walking off. Door closes.)
MRS BADDELEY: Oh! Girls these days. Well, not you, of course, my poppet. You're a lovely little girl, I know. You want to ask me a few questions? Is this about your little investigation?
(Chopping of food.)
CHARLEY POLLARD: Yes, that's right. Where were you when Edith was murdered?
MRS BADDELEY: Oh, bless. Do you think you've solved the mystery yet?
CHARLEY POLLARD: Well ... no, I've only just started.
MRS BADDELEY: Bless. Would you like a piece of my plum pudding?
(Chopping stopped. Footsteps as though she is fetching it.)
CHARLEY POLLARD: Well, no, I'd really much rather you just answered my question.
MRS BADDELEY: Here it is.
(Plate put down.)
MRS BADDELEY: Oh, go on, just a little piece, I won't tell. It isn't Christmas quite yet, but I know it's your favourite.
CHARLEY POLLARD: I don't care about plum pudding, I just want to find out who killed Edith Thompson.
(Chopping resumes.)
MRS BADDELEY: Well, if you don't care about my plum pudding, I'm not sure I want to help.
CHARLEY POLLARD: What?
MRS BADDELEY: If you'd rather talk about a dirty, noisy, stupid little girl like Edith, than taste a sweet, moist plum pudding like mine, then I don't want to talk to you at all. Go on, leave my kitchen.
CHARLEY POLLARD: But Mr Shaughnessy said...
MRS BADDELEY: Mr Shaughnessy likes my plum pudding. He always says so.
CHARLEY POLLARD: On second thoughts, Mrs Baddeley, may I have a piece of your pudding after all? It looks quite delicious.
(The chopping stops.)
MRS BADDELEY: Oh, it is delicious, it is! Christmas wouldn't be Christmas without my plum pudding, and I know it's your favourite. You always said so.

THE DOCTOR: How long have you worked in this house, Shaughnessy?
SHAUGHNESSY: Oh, I don't know exactly, Doctor. A long time though, I can tell you that.
THE DOCTOR: I'm sure. You must have seen a fair few changes.
SHAUGHNESSY: Changes, sir? I'm not sure I know what you mean.
THE DOCTOR: Changes in staff, at least. You've got through several scullery maids, I'll be bound.
SHAUGHNESSY: Oh, I dare say, sir. It's hard to recall. They were all scullery maids to me.
THE DOCTOR: And the rest of the household - how well do you know them?
SHAUGHNESSY: Oh, intimately, Doctor. They've worked under me for many years.
THE DOCTOR: What can you tell me about them?
SHAUGHNESSY: There's the cook, and the ladies' maid, and the chauffeur.
THE DOCTOR: Yes...?
(No reply.)
THE DOCTOR: All right. What about upstairs?
SHAUGHNESSY: Upstairs, Doctor?
THE DOCTOR: Yes. Who is upstairs?
SHAUGHNESSY: His Lordship and her Ladyship.

THE DOCTOR: And what are they like?
SHAUGHNESSY: Oh, I don't discuss them, sir. It's not my place.
THE DOCTOR: Are either of them remotely homicidal at all?
SHAUGHNESSY: It's not my place.
THE DOCTOR: Perhaps one of them is conducting dangerous time experiments. Have you seen any weird futuristic-looking equipment lying about when you serve morning tea?
SHAUGHNESSY: It's not my place. We are nothing. We are nobody.
THE DOCTOR: I beg your pardon?
SHAUGHNESSY: We are nobody. Only in service do we derive any meaning or purpose. We serve, that is our function, our only function. We are nobody.
THE DOCTOR: Yes, all right, Shaughnessy. Did you kill Edith?
SHAUGHNESSY: No, sir.
THE DOCTOR: Do you know who did?
SHAUGHNESSY: No, sir. But I'd be inclined to suspect Mrs Baddeley, the cook.
THE DOCTOR: And why's that?
SHAUGHNESSY: Why, sir. She has shifty eyes.
THE DOCTOR: Thank you, Shaughnessy. That was all most helpful.

MRS BADDELEY: There you are, m'dear. You enjoy that. Be careful of the threepenny bit. Remember when you broke your tooth on one?
CHARLEY POLLARD: How do you know...?
MRS BADDELEY: Go on, my poppet. Eat up.
(Eating.)
CHARLEY POLLARD: Mm. Yes, that is good.
MRS BADDELEY: Always been your favourite, ever since you were a little girl.
(Chopping starts again. CHARLEY POLLARD speaks as though she is a little girl)
CHARLEY POLLARD: It certainly has. You'll make me plum pudding forever, won't you? Even when I'm grown up?
MRS BADDELEY: (laughing) Of course I will, my love. All the plum pudding you can eat. I'll never leave you, not ever.
(CHARLEY POLLARD still speaking as a little girl)
CHARLEY POLLARD: Where am I? What's going on?
MRS BADDELEY: You poor thing. You're getting tired, and it's a big day tomorrow.
CHARLEY POLLARD: What...?
(She recovers.)
CHARLEY POLLARD: What are you doing to me?
(Plate put down or dropped, Chopping stops, walking.)
MRS BADDELEY: Oh, dear, clumsy! Never mind, one more piece of plum pudding, then we'll get you tucked straight into bed.
CHARLEY POLLARD: Mrs Baddeley, did you kill Edith Thompson?
MRS BADDELEY: No, my dear, do you know, I didn't. But I've got a feeling I know who did.
CHARLEY POLLARD: Who's that?
MRS BADDELEY: Frederick the chauffeur. Haven't you noticed? He's got shifty eyes.
CHARLEY POLLARD: Thank you, Mrs Baddeley ... for the pudding.
(Hurrying away.)
MRS BADDELEY: Not at all, my poppet. Not at all.
(Door opens then closes.)
MRS BADDELEY: Always been her favourite. Ever since she was a little girl.

(Walking over.)
THE DOCTOR: Excuse me, Frederick?
FREDERICK: Hello, Doctor. So, have you got the case solved yet?
THE DOCTOR: No.
FREDERICK: I'm sorry, sir. I'm sure you will have soon. It's very exciting for the likes of us, sir, to be in a real-life murder mystery being solved by Doctor ... by the Doctor.
THE DOCTOR: You know my reputation then?
FREDERICK: Oh yes, sir. I loved that one you did with the Seven Dials, that was gripping.
THE DOCTOR: I think you'll find that was Agatha Christie.
FREDERICK: If you say so, Doctor.
THE DOCTOR: I thought I worked at Scotland Yard?

FREDERICK: Oh no, you're too good for the police. You're the best amateur sleuth there is in all London. I've no doubt you'll have the murderer behind bars before I can say Boxing Day.
THE DOCTOR: (laughing) Well, let's hope so. Are you the killer, Frederick?
FREDERICK: Well, Doctor, that would be telling! (Laughs.) It wouldn't be a good mystery if the killer came right out and told you, would it?
THE DOCTOR: No, I suppose not. Well, assuming it isn't you, for the moment...
FREDERICK: Yes, sir? Anything I can do to help.
THE DOCTOR: Who is the killer, do you think?
FREDERICK: Well, I'm not paid to have opinions, Doctor. I'm just paid to drive the Chrysler.
THE DOCTOR: But I'm sure you have an opinion anyway.
FREDERICK: I'm betting it's Mary, sir. The ladies' maid.
THE DOCTOR: Shifty eyes, no doubt.
FREDERICK: Well, you're the expert, Doctor. But they are a bit shifty, aren't they?
THE DOCTOR: Ah, if only every murder could be determined by the shiftiness of the culprit's eyes. What year is it?
FREDERICK: What, sir?
THE DOCTOR: What's the year? Don't you know?
FREDERICK: Yes, sir. It's Nineteen Hundred And Six.
THE DOCTOR: But Agatha Christie wasn't published until Nineteen Twenty. So how do you know who she was?
FREDERICK: Well, it's probably Nineteen Twenty then...
THE DOCTOR: And the Chrysler was first introduced in Nineteen Twenty-Four.
FREDERICK: Did I say Chrysler? I meant Bentley. I drive a Bentley.
THE DOCTOR: Do you?
FREDERICK: Yes, sir. I've never even heard of a Chrysler. Or a Christie. I don't know, I don't know what year it is. I'm just paid to drive the car.
THE DOCTOR: The Chrysler, is that?
FREDERICK: Yes, the Chrysler ... no, I mean, the Bentley. The Chrysler hasn't been invented yet. Will that be all, Doctor?
THE DOCTOR: For the moment.
FREDERICK: I'm sure you'll catch the killer soon, Doctor. You're the best amateur sleuth in London.

(Ticking clock in background. Scrubbing.)
MARY: It's just not fair. That's the long and the short of it. I'm a ladles' maid, not a scullery maid.
CHARLEY POLLARD: No, Mary, of course not.
MARY: In truth, I've been brought up too proper to have my hands in the washing. In truth, I'm closer to you, Miss Pollard, than I ever was to Edith. Don't get me wrong, I'm not saying I'm posh or nothing, like the likes of you, Miss. But I'm not in Edith's class neither, am I? And just because she goes and gets herself murdered, well, I don't see why I should have to do her job.
CHARLEY POLLARD: You don't seem very affected by her death.
MARY: Of course I'm affected by it! If she were still alive, I wouldn't be trying to clean the grease off this baking tray, would I?
CHARLEY POLLARD: Did you kill her, Mary?
MARY: Not much in it for me if I did, was there?
CHARLEY POLLARD: Do you know who did?
MARY: Well, if I had to say, I'd think it was Edith. She's got shifty eyes.
CHARLEY POLLARD: Edith's the one who was murdered, Mary.
MARY: Then I'd say it was Mr Shaughnessy. He's got shifty eyes.
CHARLEY POLLARD: I see. Thank you.
(Baking tray put down.)
MARY: Here, you can tell me. Have you worked out who killed her yet?
(Ticking stops.)
EDITH: (echoed) Have you worked out who killed me yet?
(The ticking resumes.)
CHARLEY POLLARD: What? What was that?
MARY: Miss Pollard? Are you all right?
CHARLEY POLLARD: Yes ... I think so...
MARY: You've gone all pale. Like you've just seen a...
(The ticking stops again, a howling.)

(Somewhere else. There is a slight echo in the background.)
CHARLEY POLLARD: Back here again ... In the darkness. Silent. Doctor? Doctor, where are you?
(No reply.)
CHARLEY POLLARD: Oh Doctor, please! I don't think I can stand it in here on my own!
EDITH: Have you worked out who killed me yet?
CHARLEY POLLARD: Edith.
EDITH: That's right.
CHARLEY POLLARD: Where are you? I can't see you. I can't see anything.
EDITH: Please find out who killed me soon. I'm so tired of dying.
CHARLEY POLLARD: Do you know who killed you? Who was it, Edith?
EDITH: Oh yes, I know. But that would be telling. There'll be another murder soon, and everyone will forget me. Don't you forget me, Charley.
CHARLEY POLLARD: No. I won't.
EDITH: Edward Grove. Edward Grove is alive.
(The chimes start.)
CHARLEY POLLARD: Edith? Edith, where have you gone? Edith, please. Don't leave me here on my own. Doctor? Doctor, where are you?
(Chimes continue, then a woman's scream, which cuts off abruptly. A sound like an echoed voice being played backwards.)

(The clock quietly ticking. Faint sound of the wind outside.)
CHARLEY POLLARD: Doctor!
(Door opened. Walking in quickly.)
THE DOCTOR: Charley! Charley, what is it? What happened?
MARY: Why is Mrs Baddeley lying like that on the kitchen table?
SHAUGHNESSY: Oh, dear lord. Not another accident.
THE DOCTOR: Let me see.
(Walking over.)
THE DOCTOR: There are no marks on her body it seems.
CHARLEY POLLARD: Someone's put threepenny coins on her eyes ... Why would they do that?
THE DOCTOR: The mark of death. Let me see if I can open her mouth.
(Noise of this, and another sound of spilling.)
THE DOCTOR: Oh dear.
FREDERICK: What is it, Doctor?
THE DOCTOR: I'd keep back, if I were you, this is not very pleasant to look at. It seems that Mrs Baddeley has been stuffed with her own plum pudding.
CHARLEY POLLARD: Oh, dear God, that's sick.
SHAUGHNESSY: This is dreadful news. To lose another member of staff over Christmas is bad enough. To lose the plum pudding makes it even worse.
FREDERICK: Still, what a way to go. I can't think of a better way than being suffocated with one of Mrs Baddeley's plum puddings.
MARY: Christmas wouldn't be Christmas without them.
CHARLEY POLLARD: What's wrong with them all?
THE DOCTOR: Gently does it, Charley. You're right, something is very wrong with them all.
SHAUGHNESSY: Surely you would agree that this one must be suicide, Doctor?
THE DOCTOR: Do you know, I'm going to stick my neck out and suggest it's another murder.
(Slightly irritated groans.)
THE DOCTOR: Could you please all leave Miss Pollard and myself alone for a moment?
FREDERICK: Got some of your famous sleuthing to do, have you, Doctor?
THE DOCTOR: That's the idea, yes.
(MARY's voice drifting away, over the footsteps.)
MARY: It's very exciting. I wonder who the killer will turn out to be?
(The door shuts.)
CHARLEY POLLARD: Doctor. I saw Edith.
THE DOCTOR: Where? What, she's alive?
CHARLEY POLLARD: No, I don't think so. It was in the scullery, but as it was when we arrived. Dark and empty.

THE DOCTOR: Did she speak to you? What did she say?
CHARLEY POLLARD: It didn't make much sense. She told me to remember her, that everyone would forget her, but I must remember her - and that Edward Grove is alive.
THE DOCTOR: Edward Grove is alive?
CHARLEY POLLARD: Yes. She was most emphatic about it.
THE DOCTOR: But there isn't anyone here called Edward Grove.
CHARLEY POLLARD: Maybe he's the killer. Someone we haven't met yet.
THE DOCTOR: No, not possible. There are rules to this sort of mystery, Charley. It wouldn't be fair if the murderer turned out to be someone we hadn't even suspected.
CHARLEY POLLARD: Rules? What do you mean?
THE DOCTOR: Oh, I think that there are rules to this, Charley, don't you? It all feels like some sort of elaborate game to me. A killing always on the hour, just as the clock strikes. The murder being some sort of representation of the victim's job. The scullery maid drowned in her own sink with the pots and pans. The cook smothered with her own pudding.
CHARLEY POLLARD: Oh, if only we were given some sort of clue.
THE DOCTOR: I rather think we've been given nothing else but clues. There are so many clues we can't see what's going on. Whoever has given us our roles as amateur sleuths has taken it to heart.
CHARLEY POLLARD: Poor Mrs Baddeley. I heard her scream, Doctor, just as before.
THE DOCTOR: Yes, odd that. That she should be able to scream with her throat full of plum pudding. I heard the clock chime, I heard a scream, seconds later I was in here to find you and her dead body. Look at the state of her. It must have taken minutes to force-feed her so much.
CHARLEY POLLARD: But if she didn't scream, who did?
THE DOCTOR: I don't know. It was the same scream we heard before, wasn't it? The one we assumed had to be Edith's when she was killed.
CHARLEY POLLARD: A young woman's scream. Mary's?
THE DOCTOR: Yes, it seems likely.
CHARLEY POLLARD: But why Doctor? Why would Mary scream as she was killing Mrs Baddeley and Edith? Why draw attention to yourself?
THE DOCTOR: And who is Edward Grove?
(He sighs.)
THE DOCTOR: Oh, too many questions and not enough answers, and we are running out of time.
CHARLEY POLLARD: What do you mean?
THE DOCTOR: It seems pretty well-established that the murders take place on the hour. We've got to try and solve this before anyone else gets killed. There's something I'm missing, there's something that's staring me in the face and I can't see it.
(Walking.)
CHARLEY POLLARD: Doctor. I'll tell you something else which doesn't make sense.
THE DOCTOR: With the greatest of respect, Charley, I'm looking for something which does make sense at the moment. Sorry, sorry, what was it?
CHARLEY POLLARD: The murders are happening exactly an hour apart, yes?
THE DOCTOR: Yes.
CHARLEY POLLARD: But that didn't seem like an hour at all, did it? I mean, I know it's hard to keep track of time, but not that much, surely?
(The pacing stops.)
CHARLEY POLLARD: Doctor, why are you looking at me like that?
THE DOCTOR: Oh, Charley, Charley, you are brilliant!
CHARLEY POLLARD: I am? Oh, thank you.
THE DOCTOR: He's breaking the rules. He has to kill on the hour, but he's altering the clock to make it run faster. Why's he doing that, I wonder? When everything else is so ordered, why is that out of place? Come on.
(Starting to walk off.)
CHARLEY POLLARD: Where are we going?
THE DOCTOR: To find a clock, of course. To find out what time it really is.

(A door opens. Walking in.)
MARY: Frederick, thank God you're alone.
FREDERICK: Mary, what is it?
(Kissing.)

MARY: Oh, Frederick. You're a wild, passionate, impulsive fool, but I can't help but love you for it.
FREDERICK: What are you talking about?
MARY: Oh, you do love me, don't you? That's why you murdered Mrs Baddeley. So she couldn't blackmail us to end our affair. So we'd be free to do what we wanted forever.
FREDERICK: Don't be silly, Mary. I didn't murder Mrs Baddeley.
MARY: Oh. I was rather under the impression you had.
FREDERICK: No. In fact, I thought you were the one who had done for Mrs Baddeley.
MARY: No, I'm afraid not. It wasn't me that killed her.
FREDERICK: Really? So ... neither of us is the murderer?
MARY: It seems not.
FREDERICK: Well, fancy that. I wonder who is?
(Faintly in the background, "Hark the Herald Angels Sing" starts.)
FREDERICK: Of course, it's not proof. I mean, I suppose I could be lying when I said I didn't kill her.
MARY: Oh yes. As, of course, could I.
FREDERICK: Stands to reason. Once you've committed murder, a bit of fibbing is hardly going to bother your conscience, is it?
MARY: It doesn't matter. With her out of the way we're free to love each other as much as we like.
FREDERICK: Yes, I don't think so. A chauffeur in love with a scullery maid? It's just not right, is it?
MARY: But I thought I was the ladies' maid.
(The singing becomes louder.)
FREDERICK: The ladies' maid? I should think not.
MARY: And that Edith ... wasn't Edith the scullery maid?
FREDERICK: Edith? I've never heard of an Edith. Who are you talking about?
(The singing fades away.)
MARY: I ... I don't know. I've ... I've never heard of an Edith either.
FREDERICK: You do see I couldn't love you, don't you? It was just a bit of fun.
MARY: Oh. Oh, of course. Not if I'm a scullery maid. I am nothing, after all.
FREDERICK: You are nobody.
MARY: That's right.
FREDERICK: You just get back to your pots and pans, Mary. There's work to be done.
MARY: Yes, Mr Frederick. Sorry, Mr Frederick.
(Walking off. MARY hums "Hark the Herald Angels Sing." Door closes.)

(Walking in.)
THE DOCTOR: Ah, Shaughnessy, there you are. Hate to disturb you in your room.
SHAUGHNESSY: Not at all, Doctor. Is there any way I can be of service to you both?
THE DOCTOR: Well, there is rather. We've been looking for a clock down here, and we can't find one anywhere.
SHAUGHNESSY: Really, sir? I must say, that is most peculiar.
THE DOCTOR: That's what we thought, isn't it, Charley?
CHARLEY POLLARD: Most peculiar, we thought. It's almost deliberate, as if you didn't want there to be any clocks.
SHAUGHNESSY: Not at all, Miss. Very useful items, clocks. Most efficacious in the telling of time. Except...
THE DOCTOR: Except what?
SHAUGHNESSY: Except the staff here don't need to know the time. It is enough that they are told what to do, and they do it promptly.
THE DOCTOR: They are nothing and nobody, I take it?
SHAUGHNESSY: Quite so, sir.
CHARLEY POLLARD: And yet ... you have a fob watch. I can see it in your pocket.
SHAUGHNESSY: Yes.
THE DOCTOR: Do you mind if we borrow it for a while?
SHAUGHNESSY: Oh, there is no need, sir. The time is just after eleven. The chimes rang at the moment of Mrs Baddeley's unexpected demise.
CHARLEY POLLARD: We don't want to know the time. We just want the watch.
SHAUGHNESSY: No, I would really rather not. I will keep my watch.

CHARLEY POLLARD: He is chief inspector of Scotland Yard, you know.
SHAUGHNESSY: As I understand it, Miss, you and the Doctor are a pair of amateur sleuths of no official status whatsoever.
THE DOCTOR: Where is the grandfather clock?
SHAUGHNESSY: Sir?
THE DOCTOR: The grandfather clock we can hear ticking in the background. It must be upstairs. Charley, I think it's time we visited the gentry.
(Walking off.)
CHARLEY POLLARD: Maybe we'll get some answers out of them.
(A drawer pulled open.)
CHARLEY POLLARD: Doctor, what is it?
(A gun is cocked.)
CHARLEY POLLARD: Oh.
THE DOCTOR: Mr Shaughnessy, you're pointing a gun at us.
SHAUGHNESSY: Yes, sir.
THE DOCTOR: That's not a very nice way for a well-bred butler to behave, is it?
SHAUGHNESSY: You are not to go upstairs. It is not our place. We only go upstairs when we are summoned, and the bell has not been rung. We're not to go upstairs until the bell has rung.
CHARLEY POLLARD: But, Shaughnessy, we're from upstairs. Aren't we, Doctor?
THE DOCTOR: Give me the gun, Shaughnessy.
SHAUGHNESSY: I'm sorry, Doctor. I cannot do that.
CHARLEY POLLARD: You do realise that holding us at gunpoint means we're going to put you right at the top of our list of suspects?
SHAUGHNESSY: I sincerely regret that, Miss, and I apologise if my service is giving you any dissatisfaction.
(Walking forwards.)
SHAUGHNESSY: Keep back, Doctor.
THE DOCTOR: Give me the gun.
SHAUGHNESSY: No.
THE DOCTOR: Give it to me, Shaughnessy.
SHAUGHNESSY: Keep back.
CHARLEY POLLARD: Doctor!
THE DOCTOR: Very well. Give me the watch.
(The footsteps stop.)
SHAUGHNESSY: What?
THE DOCTOR: Well, be fair. You can't very well shoot me with a watch, can you?
SHAUGHNESSY: No, Doctor, you're quite right. Here you are, sir.
(A ting of metal as it is passed.)
THE DOCTOR: Thank you.
SHAUGHNESSY: Not at all. Will that be all?
THE DOCTOR: Yes. Thank you, Shaughnessy. We'll leave you now. Come along, Charley.
(Walking off.)
SHAUGHNESSY: Very good, sir. Very good, Miss. If I can be of any further assistance, don't hesitate to find me.
(The door closed.)

CHARLEY POLLARD: What was all that about?
THE DOCTOR: It sees us as a threat, whatever it is, but it can't yet work out which way we threaten it most, and it can't concentrate on more than one thing at a time. Which gives us a distinct advantage.
CHARLEY POLLARD: It does?
THE DOCTOR: Oh yes. I can concentrate on millions of things at once.
CHARLEY POLLARD: So what time is it?
THE DOCTOR: Oh yes, good point, I'd forgotten.
(A little ching of opening fob-watch. Ticking.)
THE DOCTOR: No. That's impossible.
CHARLEY POLLARD: What is it?
THE DOCTOR: It's eleven twenty.
CHARLEY POLLARD: But it can't be. It only struck the hour a few minutes ago.
THE DOCTOR: Look how fast the second hand is going round. Just look at it.

(Ticking stops.)
CHARLEY POLLARD: Doctor, it's stopped.
THE DOCTOR: Yes. Why has it done that?
CHARLEY POLLARD: It's as if it can see us. It's as if it's caught us looking at it.
THE DOCTOR: Charley, that's ridiculous.
CHARLEY POLLARD: No, look. Look at the second hand, quivering like that.
(The whirring starts up, faster. The ticking resumes.)
CHARLEY POLLARD: No, it's started again!
THE DOCTOR: Much quicker than before.
CHARLEY POLLARD: It's taken fright. Doctor, time has taken fright, and it's running away.
(Faster clock ticking.)
THE DOCTOR: Faster and faster towards midnight, and we know what will happen then.
CHARLEY POLLARD: Another death?
THE DOCTOR: At the very least. We must get the household together. Quick! Everyone in here!
CHARLEY POLLARD: Come here, quickly!
(Doors open. Walking in.)
FREDERICK: What's all the fuss about?
SHAUGHNESSY: What's going on?
THE DOCTOR: What time does it say now?
CHARLEY POLLARD: Eleven thirty-two.
THE DOCTOR: You must listen to me, all of you. We must all stay together in this room.
SHAUGHNESSY: Doctor, the household has duties.
THE DOCTOR: It'll soon be midnight.
SHAUGHNESSY: Even more reason we must return to work. His Lordship will want to toast Christmas Day with champagne. Mary, get the glasses.
MARY: Right away, sir.
THE DOCTOR: No - Mary, you must stay here.
CHARLEY POLLARD: Eleven thirty-nine.
(Faster ticking.)
THE DOCTOR: All of you, please. There will be another murder committed at midnight. For your safety's sake, we must be together.
FREDERICK: Another murder?
SHAUGHNESSY: How do you deduce that, Doctor?
THE DOCTOR: Both deaths took place exactly on the hour, exactly as the chimes struck.
FREDERICK: But there's only been one death.
THE DOCTOR: What?
FREDERICK: Mrs Baddeley's suicide with the plum pudding.
CHARLEY POLLARD: Eleven forty-four! Doctor, it's going wild.
THE DOCTOR: What about Edith? You must remember Edith.
MARY: Edith?
FREDERICK: There's no Edith here.
THE DOCTOR: The scullery maid. You must remember.
CHARLEY POLLARD: Eleven forty-nine. Doctor!
SHAUGHNESSY: Mary here is our scullery maid.
MARY: That's right. I am nothing. I am nobody.
CHARLEY POLLARD: Doctor, the second hand is just a blur, I can hardly see it.
SHAUGHNESSY: This is ridiculous. Staff, return to your duties.
FREDERICK: At once, Mr Shaughnessy.
MARY: Yes, sir.
(Walking off. Door closed.)
THE DOCTOR: No, come back, we must be together when whatever happens, happens!
CHARLEY POLLARD: Eleven fifty-four. Eleven fifty-five...
THE DOCTOR: Any one of us could be next. Don't you understand? It could be any one of us.
CHARLEY POLLARD: Eleven fifty-six. Fifty-seven. Fifty-eight. Fifty-nine. Doctor...!
THE DOCTOR: No!
(Fast ticking of grandfather clock stops, then the chiming starts.)

[Part Three]

(Fast clock ticking.)

CHARLEY POLLARD: Doctor...!
(Fast ticking of grandfather clock, then the chiming starts. After a few chimes, heartbeats.)
CHARLEY POLLARD: Doctor? What's that?
THE DOCTOR: It sounds like ... heartbeats.
(As before, the scream. The chimes stop, the reversing echoed voice.)

(Normal ticking in the background.)
CHARLEY POLLARD: We're back in the scullery again.
THE DOCTOR: Back where we started.
CHARLEY POLLARD: Doctor, look. It's Edith.
(Rushing over.)
THE DOCTOR: I'm afraid she's dead, Charley.
CHARLEY POLLARD: But ... she already was dead.
THE DOCTOR: Well, now she's dead again.
CHARLEY POLLARD: But she was drowned in the sink. And here she's...
THE DOCTOR: Lying on the floor, suffocated by a sink plunger. It is bizarre, to say the least.
(The door opened. Walking in.)
SHAUGHNESSY: What's happening in here?
MARY: There was a scream.
THE DOCTOR: I'm afraid your scullery maid is dead.
MARY: Oh no!
FREDERICK: Mary, it's all right.
MRS BADDELEY: Oh, my goodness, that such a thing could happen in my kitchens.
CHARLEY POLLARD: And she's alive again too. What's going on?
MRS BADDELEY: What do you mean, my poppet?
THE DOCTOR: Shh, Charley, not now.
SHAUGHNESSY: Frederick, assist the gentleman in removing the sink plunger from Edith's face.
FREDERICK: Yes, Mr Shaughnessy.
(Walking over, sucking noise as the plunger comes free.)
SHAUGHNESSY: This is most unfortunate. To lose a scullery maid on Christmas Eve.
MARY: But Edith never was very good at timing, was she?
SHAUGHNESSY: We can count ourselves lucky, Doctor, that the most famous amateur sleuth in London was being entertained upstairs at the time of this most unhappy accident.
THE DOCTOR: Quite so.
MRS BADDELEY: You will be able to solve this case before morning, won't you, Doctor? I don't want it spoiling Christmas. Not when I've got my plum puddings all ready and cooling next door.
MARY: Well, Christmas wouldn't be Christmas without one of your plum puddings.
SHAUGHNESSY: I assume, Doctor, we can safely conclude it was suicide?
THE DOCTOR: Well, probably not. It's impossible to suffocate yourself on a sink plunger. You need someone to hold the other end, you see.
MARY: Oh, don't he talk posh with all his scientific terms. 'Hold the other end' indeed!
MRS BADDELEY: Well, Edith was a very stupid girl, Doctor. She may not have known it was impossible when she did it.
FREDERICK: She certainly wasn't the brightest button on the waistcoat.
THE DOCTOR: Well, that's as may be. Could you leave us alone, please? Miss Pollard and I have some investigating to do.
CHARLEY POLLARD: Even the best amateur sleuths in London need some privacy to do their sleuthing in.
SHAUGHNESSY: Yes, of course. Well, staff, obey the Doctor in all things. Except in matters concerning the household.
OTHERS: Yes, Mr Shaughnessy.
(Walking out. The door shuts with a creak.)
THE DOCTOR: What do you make of it, Charley?
CHARLEY POLLARD: We've gone back in time, haven't we?
THE DOCTOR: Yes, It would seem so. Everyone's saying more or less the same thing, behaving in more or less the same way.
(Pacing.)
CHARLEY POLLARD: Except poor Edith. If we've gone back in time, why has she been killed in an entirely different way?

THE DOCTOR: I don't know. It's odd, that.
CHARLEY POLLARD: And yet, once again, killed in a manner which reflects her job.
THE DOCTOR: Yes, you noticed that, did you? Good.
(Footsteps stop.)
THE DOCTOR: I wonder if you've noticed something else.
CHARLEY POLLARD: What's that?
(Walking over.)
THE DOCTOR: The writing, here, in the dust. Edith's name, and your name beneath it.
CHARLEY POLLARD: What about it?
THE DOCTOR: There's a third signature.
CHARLEY POLLARD: Oh yes. Oh, it's very faint. 'Edward Grove.'
THE DOCTOR: The mysterious Edward Grove again.
CHARLEY POLLARD: Well, it seems our murderer is getting careless.
THE DOCTOR: What, you're suggesting he came in here, killed Edith with the sink plunger, then accidentally happened to write his name in the dust for us to find?
CHARLEY POLLARD: Yes, sorry, that's ridiculous.
(THE DOCTOR speaks louder all around)
THE DOCTOR: Whoever is leaving us these clues must think we're idiots.
CHARLEY POLLARD: You know what it reminds me of? It's like an artist signing his name at the bottom of a painting.
THE DOCTOR: Yes, interesting. The murders have, after all, been tableaux of some sort or another. The question is why.
CHARLEY POLLARD: Ah. We're back to 'why' again.
THE DOCTOR: Yes, It does seem our most pressing puzzle at the moment.
CHARLEY POLLARD: Well, at least we should be able to find our killer soon, Doctor. It's pretty simple to solve a murder before it's taken place, and we know what's going to happen. Mrs Baddeley, in the kitchen, eleven o'clock sharp.
(Walking off.)
THE DOCTOR: Yes. Stay with Mrs Baddeley, Charley. See what happens to her. But do take care, won't you?
CHARLEY POLLARD: Don't worry. What are you going to do?
THE DOCTOR: Check out a hunch.
(Door opened with a creak.)
THE DOCTOR: I won't be long.

(The background ticking stops, then the sound of the heartbeats. A gasp of breath.)

(Door opened, walking in. Faint clock ticking in background and winter wind blowing as though from outside.)
THE DOCTOR: Frederick. Just the chap. You're a chauffeur, aren't you?
FREDERICK: Yes, Doctor. I drive a Chrysler. No, a Bentley. No, a Chrysler...
THE DOCTOR: Yes, well, we'll not worry about that for the moment. I want you to take me for a drive.
FREDERICK: What, now, sir?
THE DOCTOR: Yes. Why not?
MARY: But it's Christmas Eve, sir.
FREDERICK: And it's blowing a blizzard. Look at the snow out the window.
MARY: Pretty, like a Christmas card.
THE DOCTOR: I gave you an order, Frederick. You obey orders, don't you?
FREDERICK: Yes, sir.
THE DOCTOR: Open the door, Mary, so we can go outside.
MARY: What, and let all the cold in? When the fire's barely keeping us warm as it is?
THE DOCTOR: I am a gentleman, remember.
MARY: Yes, sir. And I am nothing.
FREDERICK: We are nobody.
THE DOCTOR: Well, now, I never said that. Just open the door for me, there's a dear.
MARY: We're not allowed to, Doctor.
FREDERICK: We have been forbidden to open the door, to try to leave this house.
THE DOCTOR: Whose, orders? The Lordship's, upstairs?
FREDERICK: Our master's.

THE DOCTOR: Yes, well, he's given me no such orders, so I'll open the door myself.
(Walking over. Metal object picked up.)
FREDERICK: Don't do it, Doctor. Our master has also instructed I hit you with this poker if you try.
THE DOCTOR: Did he indeed?
FREDERICK: Oh yes, sir. And he told me to do it very hard.
MARY: And I can stab you hard with my knitting needle.
THE DOCTOR: Did your master instruct you to do that too, Mary?
MARY: Oh yes. He was most particular about what I could do to you with my knitting needle, sir.
FREDERICK: Please don't do it, Doctor. We don't want to kill yer.
MARY: Not with you being a famous amateur sleuth and all.
THE DOCTOR: All right then. I won't.
(Walking over. Poker put down.)
FREDERICK: Well, that's good enough for me.
MARY: And me too. I think I'll get back on with my knitting.
FREDERICK: I dare say you'll be wanting to get on with your duties too, Doctor.
THE DOCTOR: My duties, sorry?
MARY: Yes. Detecting and all that.
THE DOCTOR: Yes. No doubt your master will be much happier if I get on with my duties. Keep me in my rightful place, and all that.
FREDERICK: The chauffeur drives the car, the maid cleans and sews, the detective detects. All nice and simple. Do you think you know who did it yet, Doctor?
THE DOCTOR: I'm beginning to think it may not even matter.
MARY: It's just ... we've been thinking hard, Frederick and me, and we think we can help you out.
FREDERICK: We know who did the murders.
THE DOCTOR: Oh? Who?
MARY: Us.

(Chopping. MRS BADDELEY singing "Hark the Herald Angels Sing" quietly)
MRS BADDELEY: (singing) ...king, Peace on Earth, da, da, doo, doo...
CHARLEY POLLARD: Excuse me.
(Chopping stops. Walking over.)
MRS BADDELEY: Oh! Hello, my poppet. Goodness, you gave me a fright. I hope you don't mind me singing. That stupid girl Edith has been singing it all day. It's probably the only Christmas carol she knows. Round and round my head it's been going. I can't shake it out.
(Chopping resumed.)
CHARLEY POLLARD: Well, she won't be singing it any longer, will she?
MRS BADDELEY: That's a blessing. With any luck it means she's putting her back into scrubbing those pots and pans.
CHARLEY POLLARD: Mrs Baddeley?
MRS BADDELEY: Yes, my poppet?
CHARLEY POLLARD: Edith is dead. Don't you remember?
(Chopping stops.)
MRS BADDELEY: Oh yes, of course she is. I was forgetting. Memory like a veritable sieve. Now, my poppet. Would you like a piece of plum pudding? Seeing as how it's your favourite.

(Howling wind in the background.)
MARY: You see, it had to be us. We both had the perfect motive.
FREDERICK: Mary and I have been having a bit of a fling, sir. If you'll pardon the expression.
MARY: It's not a fling, Frederick. It's love.
FREDERICK: Oh yeah.
MARY: See, she caught us at it, and was going to tell upstairs. Well, we'd both be sacked, sir.
THE DOCTOR: So you killed her together?
MARY: Oh no. It was only one of us.
FREDERICK: We just can't work out which one.
THE DOCTOR: Yes, I see.
MARY: If I were you, I'd arrest both of us. Better to be safe than sorry.
THE DOCTOR: You both saw Edith as that much of a threat?
FREDERICK: Edith?

MARY: Who's talking about Edith? We're talking about Mrs Baddeley. The old sow in the kitchen.
THE DOCTOR: But Mrs Baddeley isn't dead yet.
(Short pause.)
MARY: Isn't she?
THE DOCTOR: No.
FREDERICK: Oh. Well, forget it then. We'd only kill Mrs Baddeley. We wouldn't bother with Edith.
MARY: Edith is nothing. Edith is nobody.
THE DOCTOR: But you do remember something, don't you? What is it you remember?
FREDERICK: Doctor ... I haven't been murdered yet, have I?
THE DOCTOR: No. No, of course not.
FREDERICK: Oh! Oh, that's a relief. I was just getting a bit ahead of meself.

CHARLEY POLLARD: But I don't want a piece of plum pudding.
MRS BADDELEY: Of course you do, it's your favourite. Don't you remember?
CHARLEY POLLARD: I'm not sure. I remember ... something.
MRS BADDELEY: Let me cut you a slice.
CHARLEY POLLARD: It is my favourite. And Christmas wouldn't be ... it wouldn't be...
MRS BADDELEY: Christmas without my plum pudding. You're quite right.
(Plate put down.)
MRS BADDELEY: There you are, m'dear. Try not to chip your teeth on a threepenny bit.
(Walking back over. Chopping. MRS BADDELEY hums a few bars of "Hark the Herald Angels Sing.")
MRS BADDELEY: I was always your favourite too, wasn't I? You were always my favourite. Do you know, Charley, I only made the plum pudding for you. It was only for you.
CHARLEY POLLARD: What are you doing to me?
MRS BADDELEY: You remember, don't you, Charley? Tell me you remember.
CHARLEY POLLARD: I ... I don't know.
(The chopping stops.)
MRS BADDELEY: You were the only one who was nice to me. You were the only one who cared. They forgot me the moment I left the room. I was nothing to them. I was nobody.
CHARLEY POLLARD: I'm feeling dizzy. What's in this plum pudding?
MRS BADDELEY: Plums, me poppet. And a lot of love.
(Faint sound of the heartbeat.)
MRS BADDELEY: You were my best friend, Charley. You were my only friend. I was so horribly upset when you died. You'd been the only one who was kind, and you were gone. You do understand, don't you?
CHARLEY POLLARD: I don't understand anything.
MRS BADDELEY: You will in time. Now that you're back. Back from the dead, like me.
(The heartbeat stops, MRS BADDELEY starts to hum "Hark the Herald Angels Sing" again.)
CHARLEY POLLARD: Oh, please...
MRS BADDELEY: (singing) Dee, dee, dee...
CHARLEY POLLARD: Don't do that.
MRS BADDELEY: It's the only carol I know. And I hum the bits where I don't know the words.
(The humming resumes, begins to echo...)

(Echoed humming of the tune in the background.)
EDITH: I told you not to forget me. I told you to remember who I am.
CHARLEY POLLARD: Edith. Is that you? Where are you?
EDITH: I told you to remember.
CHARLEY POLLARD: And I did. You're Edith, Edith Thompson. The Doctor and I are trying to find out who killed you.
EDITH: It doesn't matter who killed me. Only why I had to die after all.
CHARLEY POLLARD: What do you mean?
EDITH: You're alive. Why am I dead if you're still alive?
(The tune stops. The clock starts ticking. EDITH's voice starts to become echoed.)
EDITH: There will be another death soon.
CHARLEY POLLARD: No, Edith. Wait.
EDITH: Edward Grove is alive. I am making Edward Grove alive, and there's nothing I can do to

stop it. Please, stop it.
CHARLEY POLLARD: What can I do? Who is Edward Grove?
EDITH: If you ever cared for me at all, put an end to this.

(The echo fades, replaced by the ticking, chopping and the echoing voice of MRS BADDELEY.)
MRS BADDELEY: Would you like another piece of plum pudding? You certainly demolished that one.
CHARLEY POLLARD: Mrs Baddeley. Your life is in the most terrible danger.
MRS BADDELEY: Oh, I don't think that's very likely, poppet.
CHARLEY POLLARD: At the strike of eleven someone's going to kill you. You must listen to me.
(The chimes start.)
MRS BADDELEY: Who's going to hurt me? Especially on Christmas Eve? When I'm making plum pudding. A secret recipe, handed down through my family. No one's going to hurt me making plum pudding, are they? Christmas wouldn't be Christmas.
(Female scream.)
MRS BADDELEY: Oh, good Lord. What was that?
(Knife dropped.)
CHARLEY POLLARD: Quick, it was through here.
(Rushing off, door creak as it is opened.)

(Rushing footsteps.)
THE DOCTOR: There's been another death, Charley.
CHARLEY POLLARD: Frederick?
MARY: (upset) I loved him so much. What will I do without him?
MRS BADDELEY: Oh, dear lord. Frederick!
CHARLEY POLLARD: What happened, Doctor?
THE DOCTOR: That's just it, Charley, I don't know. When the chimes struck, everything seemed to freeze, and when they finished, he was lying there, as you see him now.
MRS BADDELEY: What are those black marks on his body?
THE DOCTOR: They're tyre marks.
MARY: Oh no!
THE DOCTOR: And from the condition of Frederick's body I'd say he'd been knocked down by a car driving at great speed.
(MARY sobs.)
MARY: Oh, Freddie. To be killed by your own Chrysler. Or Bentley, whichever it was.
(Door opened. Walking in.)
SHAUGHNESSY: What is all the fuss about now?
MARY: Frederick's dead.
SHAUGHNESSY: So I can see, yes. I assume it was suicide, Doctor?
THE DOCTOR: Yes, I imagine so. It's quite clear that Frederick brought the car into the house, ran himself over with it, and put it back outside before he finally expired.
CHARLEY POLLARD: Doctor!
SHAUGHNESSY: Most unfortunate. Still, I suppose we must count our blessings he was only the chauffeur.
(MARY sobs.)
SHAUGHNESSY: His services were hardly going to be needed much in this inclement weather. What are you crying about, Mary? Stop it at once.
MARY: I can't help it, sir. We were in love with each other.
MRS BADDELEY: Nonsense. A chauffeur in love with a scullery maid? The very idea.
CHARLEY POLLARD: But, wait. Edith was the scullery maid. Don't you remember?
SHAUGHNESSY: Edith? Who on earth is Edith?
MARY: Am I only the scullery maid? Oh! Oh well, that's all right then. We couldn't have loved each other. I'm nothing, after all. I'm nobody.
SHAUGHNESSY: Quite right, Mary. Back to your pots and pans.
MARY: Yes, sir. Thank you, sir.
(Walking off.)
SHAUGHNESSY: All of you, back to work. There's nothing more can be done here now.
(Door shuts.)
SHAUGHNESSY: Thank you, Doctor.

THE DOCTOR: Oh, you're very welcome, I'm sure.
(Door shuts.)
CHARLEY POLLARD: What was all that about? What do you mean, suicide?
THE DOCTOR: Well, they do seem to be very insistent that there's some sort of suicide going on here. Maybe they know something we don't.
CHARLEY POLLARD: But it's preposterous.
THE DOCTOR: I think we've got this all back to front.
(Pacing.)
THE DOCTOR: It seems to me that this is a murder mystery where the murders themselves are the red herrings. Charley, what is the point of murder?
CHARLEY POLLARD: Well ... I don't know. It's to get rid of someone, isn't it?
THE DOCTOR: But the victims here aren't got rid of, are they? They .. they keep coming back. Why do they keep coming back, I wonder?
CHARLEY POLLARD: Well, perhaps...
(Walking stops.)
THE DOCTOR: Yes, Charley? Anything.
CHARLEY POLLARD: Perhaps if you really enjoyed killing, you'd want to do it over and over again.
THE DOCTOR: Pure sadism, you mean? That's an interesting thought.
CHARLEY POLLARD: And a worrying one. If there's some psychopath here who can rewind time.
THE DOCTOR: I can think of a more worrying one.
CHARLEY POLLARD: Oh dear. Can you?
THE DOCTOR: There's no pleasure taken in the killings here. The deaths are bizarre, grotesque, certainly, but there's no pain. They're alive one moment, the clocks strike, and they're found dead, without suffering.
CHARLEY POLLARD: And that worries you more?
THE DOCTOR: Oh, of course. I understand psychopaths. Two for a penny, they are. I just can't understand what these killings are for. If it's sadism, why does it only happen on the hour, for example?
CHARLEY POLLARD: Well ... perhaps the sadism is directed against the people left alive. The killer watches as they get frightened, wondering who's going to die next.
THE DOCTOR: But that's just it. They even have an inkling they're about to die, Frederick told me so himself. But no-one here is frightened at all.
(Pacing.)
CHARLEY POLLARD: I'm frightened.
THE DOCTOR: Oh yes, Charley, so am I.
CHARLEY POLLARD: Are you?
THE DOCTOR: Very.
(Walking, body turned over.)
THE DOCTOR: The bodies are piling up, Charley, but I don't think they're going to provide us with any answers.
CHARLEY POLLARD: What about Edith? She's died twice as much as anyone else.
THE DOCTOR: I don't know. It could be that she's just twice as unlucky.
CHARLEY POLLARD: Then why do I keep on seeing her? She tells me to remember her, that everyone else will forget her. And they do, don't they, Doctor? Why are they doing that to her?
THE DOCTOR: Charley...
CHARLEY POLLARD: She's trying to make me remember, Doctor. She's trying to make me remember something. It's as if she's pulling me into her memories.
(Walking over.)
THE DOCTOR: What is it, Charley? What's wrong?
CHARLEY POLLARD: I don't know, Doctor. It's as if there's some force here, trying to fit me into this household, trying to make me belong.
THE DOCTOR: Whatever it is, it's wanting to incorporate us into its little world. Trying to rationalise us, make us safe. Well, we won't be safe, whatever you are. We'll resist, won't we, Charley? Just as we always resist the monsters.
CHARLEY POLLARD: It's getting so I don't know what memories are mine and which ones have been given to me. Edith is my friend. I owe her, Doctor, she told me not to forget her and I mustn't.
(Walking off.)

THE DOCTOR: Charley ... where are you going?
CHARLEY POLLARD: In the scullery, her name is written in the dust. If it's still there it's evidence she existed, in spite of what everyone else thinks.
THE DOCTOR: Charley, it's Nineteen Hundred And Six. It's six years before you were even born. Whatever false memories you are being given, you owe this Edith nothing. Please come back.
CHARLEY POLLARD: I made her a promise, Doctor. I shan't forget her.
THE DOCTOR: Charley.
(The door closes. Faint heartbeat sound, and a gasp, that sounds like male laughter.)
THE DOCTOR: Enough of this charade. (Louder) I refuse to play this game any longer. Not until I'm at least told the rules, and get a chance to see the question master first. Come out of hiding! You can kill everyone here. I refuse to investigate any further.
(No reply, only loud ticking.)
THE DOCTOR: Very well. I know a way to bring you into the open.

(Door opens, quick walking, CHARLEY POLLARD breathless.)
CHARLEY POLLARD: Oh, let me see. Oh no! The signature has gone! No trace of Edith Thompson.
(Ticking stops. Echoing voices.)
EDITH: You've forgotten me, Charley.
CHARLEY POLLARD: I want to remember you. But I don't know who you are.
EDITH: You're just like all the others. I should never have died for you.
CHARLEY POLLARD: Please! I don't know what you mean.
EDITH: Do you want to remember me? Do you want to remember exactly who I am?
CHARLEY POLLARD: Yes! Yes, I do.
EDITH: You will remember nothing but me.
(Scraping, like etching into wood.)
CHARLEY POLLARD: There are words appearing on the table. Not in the dust, but ... scratched into the woodwork. Edward Grove ... is alive.
(Cutting stops, heartbeat.)
EDITH: Edward Grove is alive. Together, my poppet, we make him so.
(The echoing voice like a male laugh.)

(Normal ticking.)
THE DOCTOR: Can you hear me? I know you can. I'm going to go upstairs now. If you want to stop me, you're going to have to show yourself.
(Walking up a step.)
THE DOCTOR: Right. There, that's the first step. There are only another ... eight, nine ... nine to go, and I know you want to stop me, don't you?
(Another few steps.)
THE DOCTOR: That's step four. I'd hurry up if I were you. I could be upstairs and through the door in a matter of seconds. And then where would you be, hmm? Where would I be, for that matter?
(No response, only ticking.)
THE DOCTOR: Oh, for heaven's sake.
(Running up steps. Rushing out.)
SHAUGHNESSY: You will not go upstairs, Doctor. It is not allowed.
THE DOCTOR: Ah, there you are, Shaughnessy.
(The gun being cocked.)
THE DOCTOR: With your gun, I see. You took your time.
SHAUGHNESSY: My apologies, sir. I am not as young as I used to be.
THE DOCTOR: No, well, who is?
SHAUGHNESSY: You will come back down the steps, Doctor, or I will be forced to shoot you.
(Running downstairs.)
THE DOCTOR: Oh, certainly, certainly. I have no interest in going upstairs anyway. Just a lot of void and blackness, I'll be bound. Been there, seen that, no interest in it. I just wanted to draw you out into the open, so we could talk face to face.
SHAUGHNESSY: I am not the murderer, Doctor.
THE DOCTOR: No, no, of course, I know that. A nice well-bred butler like you going around killing people, what nonsense. Besides, whoever heard of the butler doing it? I dare say that you

haven't even the faintest idea why you're pointing a gun at me, have you?
SHAUGHNESSY: I'm sorry, sir, I'd better put it away.
THE DOCTOR: Oh, no, no, no - no sudden moves, Shaughnessy. I don't think we should surprise whatever force made you threaten me with it. Keep the gun pointing at me, there's a good chap, so it doesn't get nervous. I knew that if I did something to frighten it, like trying to go upstairs, it would be forced to use one of you to take direct action against me.
SHAUGHNESSY: Please, Doctor, what's happening? Why do I feel that I'm losing control? I should never lose control. I'm a butler, my father was a butler, I come from a whole family of butlers. I am a modicum of self-restraint.
THE DOCTOR: Keep the gun pointing at me, that's the idea. The consequence of a time loop, Shaughnessy. You're going round and round in circles so often, it's dulled everyone here to a state of hypnosis. Which I'm sure is ideal for the force at work to manipulate how it wills.
SHAUGHNESSY: But what force is it, Doctor? What is killing my staff over and over again?
THE DOCTOR: Whoever is responsible for this is feeding off remarks that Charley and I have made to each other, chance comments about amateur sleuths, chance accidents like the breaking of a jam jar. Somebody here witnessed all that, and incorporated them into the time loop.
SHAUGHNESSY: Who was it? Who was it who was with you?
THE DOCTOR: You know what Edward Grove is, don't you, Shaughnessy?
SHAUGHNESSY: Of course, Doctor. This is Edward Grove. Number Twenty-Two Edward Grove.
THE DOCTOR: It's as I thought. The only witness to all that has been going on here is the house itself. Edward Grove is the killer, and we're standing within his belly.

(Washing up of pots and pans. As SHAUGHNESSY speaks, his voice is accompanied by echo and heartbeat.)
SHAUGHNESSY: You are scrubbing those pots and pans very well, Mary.
MARY: Thank you, sir.
SHAUGHNESSY: Put them aside for the moment, and pick up the poker there, and help me kill the Doctor.
(Poker picked up.)

(Chopping. The same treatment on SHAUGHNESSY's voice.)
SHAUGHNESSY: Chopping vegetables, I see, Mrs Baddeley? Mm! Those carrots look almost good enough to eat.
MRS BADDELEY: Come Christmas morning it'll be a veritable banquet, sir.
SHAUGHNESSY: I'm sure it will. Now, leave your carrots, but take the knife, and help me kill the Doctor.
(Chopping stopped, knife picked up.)

(Over the ticking of the clock, the heartbeat.)
THE DOCTOR: It could only have been the house, although I do wonder what pleasure it can possibly take in all this.
SHAUGHNESSY: I'm sorry sir, but I'm getting an irresistible urge to shoot you in the head.
THE DOCTOR: Well, stiff upper lip and all that. What's the problem, Edward? Getting a bit too close to the truth for you?
(Door opened. Walking in.)
MARY: We've come to kill the Doctor.
MRS BADDELEY: We've come to kill the Doctor.
THE DOCTOR: Instructions from his Lordship?
SHAUGHNESSY: That's right.
THE DOCTOR: You're all prepared to take orders from a pile of bricks and wood?
(The heartbeat getting louder, the echoing voice sounding almost angry.)
MRS BADDELEY: Our master is his Lordship. Our mistress is her Ladyship.
MARY: And to them we are nothing and nobody.
THE DOCTOR: Really? And what do they look like, these masters of yours?
SHAUGHNESSY: It's hard to say.
MARY: It's hard to say.
MRS BADDELEY: We don't discuss them. It's not our place.
THE DOCTOR: Poppycock! If you've seen them, you know what they look like. Are they old,

young, short, tall?
SHAUGHNESSY: We will kill you, Doctor.
THE DOCTOR: Oh, I don't think so. All the deaths here occur only on the hour, exactly as the chimes strike. I don't think you'll be able to break that, not an efficient little household like you.
SHAUGHNESSY: Are you prepared to gamble your life on that, Doctor?
THE DOCTOR: I've gambled it on much worse.
(A bang from the gun - then it reverses.)
THE DOCTOR: You can't hurt me, Edward Grove. Not until the chimes strike.
SHAUGHNESSY: Then time shall speed up, Doctor.
(Fast ticking of the clock.)
THE DOCTOR: And you can all answer my question first. What do they look like, the people you serve? Old, young, short, tall, fat, thin...?
MRS BADDELEY: Stop it, Doctor!
MARY: Stop it!
THE DOCTOR: You are not nothing. You are worth more than a heap of architecture. If they're human, describe your masters. Short, tall, fat, thin, with glasses, without, bearded, clean-shaven? Or else you're servants with no-one to serve.
MARY: I'm pretty sure her Ladyship doesn't have a beard.
THE DOCTOR: Your master has no rights over you. Acknowledge it, and set yourselves free.
SHAUGHNESSY: Of course we have a human master.
THE DOCTOR: Then prove it. Where is he?
SHAUGHNESSY: Here is his daughter, now.
(Walking over.)
CHARLEY POLLARD: Ah, there you are, everyone. Are you all looking forward to Christmas Day?
MRS BADDELEY: Yes, Miss Pollard.
THE DOCTOR: Charley?
CHARLEY POLLARD: Who is this man, Shaughnessy?
SHAUGHNESSY: This is the Doctor, Miss.
CHARLEY POLLARD: Oh yes, of course. The famous amateur sleuth.
THE DOCTOR: Charley, don't you know me?
CHARLEY POLLARD: No doubt you're here for our Christmas party, Doctor. It starts at the chimes of midnight.
SHAUGHNESSY: No, Miss. On the chimes of midnight we're going to kill him.
CHARLEY POLLARD: Oh, I see. That would explain the gun and the knife, and the ... Oh, what's that, Mary?
MARY: Poker, miss.
CHARLEY POLLARD: Poker, yes. Isn't that a little extreme?
SHAUGHNESSY: Orders from his Lordship, Miss. We don't question.
CHARLEY POLLARD: Oh, nor would I. We must know our place. Well, carry on.
THE DOCTOR: Charley, please. Remember who you are. You are Charley Pollard.
CHARLEY POLLARD: Well, of course I'm Charley Pollard. Is it nearly midnight, Shaughnessy?
SHAUGHNESSY: Yes, Miss. Eleven fifty. Fifty-one. Fifty-two.
THE DOCTOR: Listen to me, all of you. You must have your own will. Find it.
SHAUGHNESSY: Fifty-eight. Fifty-nine. Kill him.
(The first chime starts, then seems to die away.)

(The echoing voice in reverse as time moves back.)
CHARLEY POLLARD: What's happening?
THE DOCTOR: It's midnight again, I think we're going back to the beginning.
CHARLEY POLLARD: Oh, Doctor, I'm sorry. I knew you and yet ... I didn't know you.
(The chimes start normally.)
CHARLEY POLLARD: It was making me part of it all.
THE DOCTOR: I was right. It seems to lose control on the hour. It can speed up time, it can influence it, but it can't control its effects. Maybe Edward Grove is as much of a victim of this as we all are.
(Amidst the chimes, the female scream as before.)
CHARLEY POLLARD: What can we do?
THE DOCTOR: Keep our wits about us, Charley, and expect anything.

(Clock ticking, distant wind blowing, echoing voice.)
THE DOCTOR: And back in the scullery again.
CHARLEY POLLARD: With Edith's body lying dead on the floor.
(Door opened as others enter.)
SHAUGHNESSY: What's happening in here?
FREDERICK: It's the scullery maid. She's been bludgeoned to death with a broom handle.
SHAUGHNESSY: Suicide, of course.
MRS BADDELEY: Oh my goodness, that such a thing could happen in my kitchens.
SHAUGHNESSY: Except we don't have a scullery maid.
FREDERICK: That's right. I've never even heard the name Edith Thompson.
MRS BADDELEY: And if we had done, we wouldn't care anyway.
MARY: Seeing as she's only the scullery maid.
MRS BADDELEY: Nothing.
MARY: Nobody.
FREDERICK: What do we do, sir? About the Doctor and Miss Pollard?
SHAUGHNESSY: Nothing at all. They've nothing to investigate. Our master will take care of them in his own good time.
(Walking out, the doors shut.)
CHARLEY POLLARD: And they no longer even know Edith at all.
THE DOCTOR: I think you're right, Charley. Edith must be the key to this, and Edward Grove is using her death somehow.
CHARLEY POLLARD: What's going on, Doctor? Who is Edward Grove?
THE DOCTOR: It's the house, Charley. The house is alive, and it's feeding.
CHARLEY POLLARD: Feeding? Feeding on what?
THE DOCTOR: On all the death here, on all the life. What we say and do, what those poor servants out there say and do - it's absorbing us both into a little murder mystery that's going round and round. It has a role for you, and you're finding it harder to resist it, and I'm sure in time I'll be sucked into my role too.

(In the echoes, the heartbeat. male echoing laughter.)
CHARLEY POLLARD: How is this possible? It's just a house.
THE DOCTOR: Some people have theories about ghosts, that a house itself absorbs the history of the actions within it, and that an event traumatic enough can actually be preserved for posterity.
CHARLEY POLLARD: Yes, I've heard that.
THE DOCTOR: Can you imagine what would happen if a house was given nothing but traumatic events? That it were stuck in a time loop, going backwards and forwards forever, each time playing the same trauma, each time playing the same brutal act of violence. What would that do to a house?
CHARLEY POLLARD: It's becoming alive, isn't it, Doctor? Just as Edith said.
THE DOCTOR: In some form. It's storing up all the energy of that violence, it's feasting on it. And every time it replays a death it becomes more and more sentient.
CHARLEY POLLARD: Edward Grove is alive.
THE DOCTOR: But if that's true, then the house cannot be the cause of it. It's been given life by whatever paradox started the time loop. If we could only find out the trigger for all of this...
(THE DOCTOR stops.)
THE DOCTOR: Charley I want us to get out of here. I want us to go to the TARDIS, and get out of here.
CHARLEY POLLARD: You want us to run away? But we never do that.
THE DOCTOR: If we don't leave, and leave now, we'll be trapped here for all eternity.
(Door opened. Walking in.)
SHAUGHNESSY: Doctor. You're not thinking of leaving us?
THE DOCTOR: Yes.
MRS BADDELEY: And taking Miss Pollard with you? Is that true, my poppet? But I've so much plum pudding to feed you.
CHARLEY POLLARD: Keep away from me!
FREDERICK: Don't you want to solve our little mystery?
THE DOCTOR: I have solved it. This place is a trap, going round and round forever.
FREDERICK: Oh, that's not the half of it.
SHAUGHNESSY: And what will happen to us, Doctor? Will we be going round and round...

FREDERICK: And round and round...
MARY: And round forever? When you escape, Doctor, won't you take us with you?
THE DOCTOR: I'm sorry. I can't. You are part of the trap. You are the time loop. I'm sorry.
SHAUGHNESSY: So you think we are nothing after all. We are nobody.
THE DOCTOR: Open the larder door, Charley, and get into the TARDIS. The house will do whatever it can to stop us leaving.
(Walking off.)
CHARLEY POLLARD: Yes, Doctor.
(Door opened.)
MRS BADDELEY: Oh, no, Doctor. You've already demonstrated that Edward Grove cannot harm you, except on the hour.
SHAUGHNESSY: If you will go, then go.
THE DOCTOR: I'm sorry.
SHAUGHNESSY: Just go.
(TARDIS door closed. TARDIS dematerialisation.)

(Humming of TARDIS control room. Console bleeps.)
CHARLEY POLLARD: Doctor? Those people. Will they really be going round in circles forever?
THE DOCTOR: I don't know, Charley. I think so, yes.
CHARLEY POLLARD: There was nothing we could do, was there?
THE DOCTOR: No. If we took any part of the paradox with us, we'd be as stuck as they were. Like flies caught in amber. You already felt the power of the house, drawing you into its feeding cycle.
CHARLEY POLLARD: Are you all right?
THE DOCTOR: No. Let's just get as far away from that place as possible.
(More bleeps ... then the faint ticking of the clock.)
CHARLEY POLLARD: Doctor? Do you hear something?
THE DOCTOR: No, Charley, what is it?
CHARLEY POLLARD: The grandfather clock. It's the ticking of that clock.
(It gets louder.)
THE DOCTOR: That's impossible.
(TARDIS console bleeps. A sudden sound like vibration.)
CHARLEY POLLARD: Doctor!
THE DOCTOR: Not now, Charley.
CHARLEY POLLARD: The sink from the scullery. It's appearing out of thin air.
THE DOCTOR: The whole room.
CHARLEY POLLARD: The console. Where has it gone?
THE DOCTOR: The house is absorbing it.
CHARLEY POLLARD: Doctor, what's happening? Doctor!
(Loud ticking replaced by heartbeat sounds.)
THE DOCTOR: I was wrong to think we could escape the house. Instead we've taken the house with us.

[Part Four]

CHARLEY POLLARD: Doctor, what's happening? Doctor!
(Loud ticking replaced by heartbeat sounds.)
THE DOCTOR: I was wrong to think we could escape the house. Instead we've taken the house with us.

(No TARDIS control room noise. Only the background sound of wind, and the heartbeat.)
CHARLEY POLLARD: The scullery has completely reformed around us.
THE DOCTOR: Oh, the entire house, I imagine.
CHARLEY POLLARD: But where's the TARDIS? Where has the TARDIS gone?
THE DOCTOR: I think we're still in her. But just as Edward Grove seems determined to fit both of us within its blinkered world view, so it sees the TARDIS as nothing more than an extension of itself.
(Walking off. Door opens.)
CHARLEY POLLARD: In that case, if we're still within the TARDIS, what's the TARDIS doing standing in the larder?

THE DOCTOR: Oh, it's even worse than I feared. I thought we were caught simply in a temporal loop, not a spatial one as well.
CHARLEY POLLARD: Come on, Doctor. Let's get back inside and take off again.
THE DOCTOR: We can't, Charley. It's not going to work.
CHARLEY POLLARD: It's worth a try surely? I'm going to open the TARDIS door.
(Door opened.)
CHARLEY POLLARD: Oh no.
THE DOCTOR: What have you found?
(Walking over.)
CHARLEY POLLARD: Inside the TARDIS, it's another scullery, just the same as this one.
THE DOCTOR: It is the same as this one, Charley. I'm prepared to bet that if you went in there and opened the larder door, you'd find another TARDIS standing there, with another scullery inside that one.
CHARLEY POLLARD: But how can that be?
THE DOCTOR: It's another effect of the time loop. I'd imagine that the scullery through there is in the future. Not by much, just by the merest nanosecond. We're looking at infinity, Charley. Infinite time and space, reduced to the dimensions of a few rooms in an old Edwardian house on Christmas Eve.
(Pacing.)
CHARLEY POLLARD: What do we do? How can we escape?
THE DOCTOR: How do you escape infinity? All time and space compressed into one paradox. We've arrived in the TARDIS. We haven't yet arrived at all. We're in the process of arriving.
CHARLEY POLLARD: We've become like the poor people in this house. Going round and round forever.
THE DOCTOR: They've never died before, and at the same time they've been dying, every hour as the clock chimes, forever. Because there is no time here. Do you understand? (CD only) This is the past, this is the present, this is the future, looping around as it always has been looping around, stuck in a rut since the beginning of time.
CHARLEY POLLARD: Doctor
THE DOCTOR: And we have been here for ever too, Charley. Soon this is all we'll know because soon this is the only place we'll have ever been. This is our past and our destiny, the beginning and end of our travels all rolled into one. We live for two short hours or we live forever, whichever way you want to look at it.
CHARLEY POLLARD: You can't give up, Doctor. I can't believe there isn't a way out of this. You said if we could find the cause of the paradox...
THE DOCTOR: Charley. I'm so sorry, Charley. The paradox is us. It's us. We're already here, and there's nothing we can do about it.
(Door opens, walking in.)
SHAUGHNESSY: Ah, Doctor. Miss Pollard. We thought you had escaped from here.
CHARLEY POLLARD: Is there any escape?
MRS BADDELEY: Oh, no, my little poppet.
MARY: Once you're in service at Edward Grove, you're in service for life.
FREDERICK: For life and beyond.
THE DOCTOR: And yet you were worried we might escape, weren't you? Just for a second.
SHAUGHNESSY: Doctor, our master wishes to speak with you.
THE DOCTOR: Oh, really? What a pity I can't talk cement. Will his Lordship be wanting me to go upstairs?
MRS BADDELEY: You're to be honoured. He's coming down to meet you.
MARY: We are all honoured.
MRS BADDELEY: Charley, my poppet, our master doesn't need to speak to you.
CHARLEY POLLARD: Oh. I'm not sure if I'm flattered or insulted.
SHAUGHNESSY: So you may leave us.
(A shimmering effect.)
CHARLEY POLLARD: Doctor, I ... (Echoing) No!
THE DOCTOR: Where has she gone? What have you done with her?
SHAUGHNESSY: Don't worry, Doctor. Mr Grove has other duties for her to perform.
THE DOCTOR: If you have harmed her in any way...
FREDERICK: What will you do, Doctor? You can hardly kill us, we'll just come back to life again.
SHAUGHNESSY: Don't distress yourself, Doctor. Mr Grove is most adamant that Miss Pollard be kept safe and well. She is the means of his birth, after all.

THE DOCTOR: She is?
MARY: And if he has harmed her, inadvertantly like, I'm sure she'll get put back together eventually. Things have a habit of doing that in this house.
THE DOCTOR: You all seem so much more aware of what is going on here.
SHAUGHNESSY: Our master is growing in strength, Doctor.
MRS BADDELEY: And no longer needs secrets kept from his good and trusted servants.
MARY: Edward Grove is alive. And soon, he'll be the alivest of us all.
THE DOCTOR: And when will he be here?
FREDERICK: As the clock strikes eleven.
SHAUGHNESSY: I shall check my watch.
(A little ching of fob-watch being opened. Ticking.)
SHAUGHNESSY: Ten fifty-three, ten fifty-four, ten fifty-five...
THE DOCTOR: Well, he's certainly in a hurry, isn't he?
FREDERICK: He's coming.
(Echoing male voice.)
FREDERICK: Everybody, bow down to his Lordship. Good day, Mr Grove.
(All except THE DOCTOR speak)
OTHERS: Good day, Mr Grove.
(The clock strikes three, the of the chimes distorted. The heartbeat sound begins, and there is a rasp of drawn-out breath. Then SHAUGHNESSY speaks, his voice less Irish.)
SHAUGHNESSY: (Edward Grove) There you are, Doctor.
THE DOCTOR: Edward Grove, I presume.
SHAUGHNESSY: (Edward Grove) You presume ... correctly.
THE DOCTOR: And you're alive, I gather. Well done.
SHAUGHNESSY: (Edward Grove) I am.
THE DOCTOR: You must find the lack of limbs a bit of an irritation. Let alone the absence of mouth or vocal cords. Do I assume this is why you're having to use those which rightfully belong to Mr Shaughnessy here?
SHAUGHNESSY: (Edward Grove) Just for the moment. It is good to meet you at last. I've been dying to do so ever since I first felt you rummaging about in my body. Please, won't you be seated?

(Echoing sounds of CHARLEY POLLARD's voice.)
CHARLEY POLLARD: Edith? Edith, are you here?
EDITH: Yes, my poppet. Here I am. I needed to speak to you, my poppet. I need your help.
CHARLEY POLLARD: Please. Where are you? Don't leave me here alone in the dark.
EDITH: I daren't show my face, Charley. What if you don't remember me? You say you'll remember me, but ... what if you don't?
CHARLEY POLLARD: What do you mean?
EDITH: What would have been the point? Of all that blood, of all that pain, if you had never really cared for me in the first place.
CHARLEY POLLARD: Edith. You want my help, you said.
EDITH: I need your help.
CHARLEY POLLARD: I'll help you, but you must show yourself to me.
EDITH: You promise you'll help me?
CHARLEY POLLARD: I promise.
EDITH: You are a good and kind girl. You always were.
(A shimmering sound as she appears.)
EDITH: Well? Do you know me?
CHARLEY POLLARD: Yes. You're the cook. You're the cook in my father's family house in Hampshire.
EDITH: You do remember. Oh, my child.
CHARLEY POLLARD: But that was in Nineteen Thirty. It's Nineteen Oh Six now. What are you doing here?
EDITH: Long before I became a cook, I worked as a scullery maid. That's the Edith you have seen.
CHARLEY POLLARD: But you died. You died in Nineteen Oh Six, I saw you.
EDITH: I have died many times, Charley. Times without number.
CHARLEY POLLARD: I didn't recognise you. Even being so much younger than when I knew you, I ... I should have recognised you.

EDITH: Oh, my poppet. You're nineteen years old. By the time I was nineteen I'd already been in service five years and looked closer to thirty. Looks fade faster when you're below stairs. Time moves quicker for the likes of us.
CHARLEY POLLARD: And you made me plum pudding.
EDITH: Lots of plum pudding. Always your favourite, that was. I made it just for you, only for you. You were the only one who ever showed me kindness, Charley, the only one.
CHARLEY POLLARD: What do you want, Edith?
(Short pause.)
EDITH: I need to know. Am I alive? Or am I dead?
CHARLEY POLLARD: Why do you ask me?
EDITH: Because I died for you, my poppet. You're the only one I died for. The only one.

(Low chime of a clock.)
THE DOCTOR: What is that?
SHAUGHNESSY: (Edward Grove) Just the chiming of the clock, Doctor. I have slowed down time so that I can speak with you.
THE DOCTOR: Of course. The only moments of influence you have are when the clock chimes, aren't they?
SHAUGHNESSY: (Edward Grove) I derive my power from the time loop, as you call it. I can speed it up, I can slow it down, but I can only feel fully alive when I can hear the time pass with the chiming of the clock.
THE DOCTOR: And that's why you could only kill on the hour, and why Charley and I were only allowed to enter the house properly when the clock struck.
SHAUGHNESSY: (Edward Grove) Quite so. Mary, would you fetch the Doctor a cup of tea?
MARY: Certainly, sir.
(Footsteps.)
THE DOCTOR: Presumably, if you can impose your will on them, you needn't ask.
SHAUGHNESSY: (Edward Grove) True, but there's so much more piquancy in having servants than slaves.
THE DOCTOR: I'm sure. The tea always tastes better when it's made by free well, doesn't it? What a pity you don't have a mouth to drink it with.
SHAUGHNESSY: (Edward Grove) It is a pity, I admit, but it's nice to have tea made for me, just the same.
THE DOCTOR: What you are doing is obscene. You're just an enormous parasite, feeding off the lives and hopes of these poor people.
SHAUGHNESSY: (Edward Grove) They don't have any lives or hopes, Doctor. They're just the working staff.
THE DOCTOR: You're using their deaths just to sustain your own pointless life.
SHAUGHNESSY: (Edward Grove) But they never really die, Doctor, not really.
MRS BADDELEY: We always come back at the chimes of midnight.
FREDERICK: We always come back.
SHAUGHNESSY: (Edward Grove) I wouldn't hurt them, Doctor. Their deaths are never cruel.
THE DOCTOR: They may never really die, but trapped here, going round in little circles, they never really live either. Surely you can see that?
MRS BADDELEY: But we never really lived anyway, not as the working staff.
FREDERICK: Our lives already going round in little circles.
MRS BADDELEY: We are nothing. We are nobody.
THE DOCTOR: You can't really believe that?
SHAUGHNESSY: (Edward Grove) What would their lives have ever amounted to, Doctor? It's the people upstairs who make the decisions which affect the world. It's the people upstairs who make a difference.
THE DOCTOR: You can't know that for sure.
SHAUGHNESSY: (Edward Grove) Their masters upstairs would have used up their lives for their own ends, just as I do. But I do it a little more honestly, perhaps.
THE DOCTOR: And you are prepared to condemn them all to die a million sham deaths, not even real deaths, just parodies of death, so that you have a chance of life?
SHAUGHNESSY: (Edward Grove) Quite so.
(Echoing sound of a whistling kettle.)
SHAUGHNESSY: (Edward Grove) All, the kettle's boiled. Do you take milk and sugar, Doctor?
THE DOCTOR: I don't care.

(Walking over.)
MARY: I don't know how to serve your tea unless you tell me, Doctor. It's not my place to make decisions like that on my own.
SHAUGHNESSY: (Edward Grove) Just a spot of milk for the Doctor, Mary. Leave the sugar, and he can add it to taste.
MARY: Yes, sir, thank you, sir.
(Cup passed over.)
THE DOCTOR: And what will you do with your life?
SHAUGHNESSY: (Edward Grove) What do you mean?
THE DOCTOR: When the only life you can have is going round in tiny circles. What good is it to you? I don't want my tea, thank you.
(Cup smash.)
SHAUGHNESSY: (Edward Grove) Oh, Doctor. You've broken my best china.
THE DOCTOR: It doesn't matter, because at midnight it'll come back together again. None of it matters, because nothing you do can have the slightest consequence. Each action you take wiped out without the slightest effect. So what is the point in your life at all? What will you do with it?
SHAUGHNESSY: (Edward Grove) Nothing. Why should I want to do anything?
MRS BADDELLEY: I am the cook. I make plum pudding.
MARY: I am the maid. I clean and scrub.
FREDERICK: I amd the chauffeur who drives a car.
SHAUGHNESSY: (Edward Grove) And I'm the house who watches over them all.
THE DOCTOR: And you would go so far for something so petty?
SHAUGHNESSY: (Edward Grove) There's nothing petty about life, Doctor. Just to breathe, to feel, to exist. Edward Grove is alive. That's enough for me.

CHARLEY POLLARD: You say I was the only one?
EDITH: You were the only one who ever cared a fig for me. It didn't matter which house I worked in, it was always the same. Those upstairs, those downstairs, they despised me just the same. I was only the scullery maid. I was the woman who cleaned the floors when I was young and chopped the vegetables when I was old.
CHARLEY POLLARD: But you think I was different.
EDITH: You made my life worthwhile. Didn't you, my poppet?
CHARLEY POLLARD: I didn't think we spoke very often.
EDITH: Oh, we didn't, but ... when you did, you remembered my name. And when you didn't want to speak, you'd smile at me. You always smiled at me, didn't you, my poppet? You were my best friend. You were my only friend.
(Echoes of the rest of the household rebuking her.)
SHAUGHNESSY: Look to your work. I want those pots cleaned, and the dust cleared.
EDITH: Wherever I worked, the butlers would always bully me.
SHAUGHNESSY: What is it I always tell you, Edith?
EDITH: I'm nothing, sir. I'm nobody.
EDITH: The rest of the house were never any better.
MRS BADDELEY: Well, Edith was a very stupid girl. She may not have known it was impossible when she did it.
EDITH: What they'd say behind my back. I was stupid, but I wasn't that stupid.
MARY: You couldn't love, Edith, could you? No one could love somebody quite that dense.
EDITH: As the years went by, I could never even find love. Oh, sometimes I thought I had. But it wasn't love they were after. I was mistaken.
FREDERICK: You do see I couldn't love you, don't you, Edith?
EDITH: Oh, of course. I'm a scullery maid. I'm nothing, nothing at all.
FREDERICK: You are nobody.
EDITH: That's right.
CHARLEY POLLARD: You had an affair with Frederick?
EDITH: No, not him. Another chauffeur, in Nineteen Twenty-Six. He seduced me in the back of his Chrysler, then pretended it had never happened.
FREDERICK: A chauffeur, in love with a scullery maid? The idea.
CHARLEY POLLARD: But it's Frederick's voice I can hear.
EDITH: They all merge into one, my poppet. All the bullying butlers. All the chauffeurs, the cooks. Just as to all them I was only the scullery maid, just the scullery maid.

CHARLEY POLLARD: This house. Edward Grove, it's playing out your entire life. That's what we're seeing been looped, isn't it? Bits of your life, all thrown together at random.
EDITH: Edward Grove is alive, and we are making him so. He is feeding off our lives, Charley.
CHARLEY POLLARD: And the death too? What happened, Edith? Why does it keep replaying death, over and over again? What happened to you?
(No reply.)
CHARLEY POLLARD: Edith?
EDITH: I died for you, Charley. I died for you because you were the only one worth dying for.
CHARLEY POLLARD: No, please.
EDITH: When you died, I knew there was nothing left to live for. But you came back. You came back from the dead. You're alive, my poppet. So what was my sacrifice for?

SHAUGHNESSY: (Edward Grove) Can I offer you another cup of tea, Doctor, since you finished your last so abruptly?
THE DOCTOR: No.
SHAUGHNESSY: (Edward Grove) Mary's on hand, itching to pour you another. How about a piece of plum pudding? Mrs Baddeley would be only too happy to rustle you up a piece.
MRS BADDELEY: I certainly would, sir.
THE DOCTOR: You're being very civil to me. Quite the perfect gentleman, in fact.
SHAUGHNESSY: (Edward Grove) Thank you. It's in the breeding.
THE DOCTOR: Especially considering you wanted me dead earlier.
SHAUGHNESSY: (Edward Grove) You must forgive me for that. I was only a child then, tasting life for the first time. I did not know what I know now.
THE DOCTOR: And what's that?
SHAUGHNESSY: (Edward Grove) You and Miss Pollard are the bringers of life to me, Doctor. In a way, I look on you as my parents.
(Another low chime.)
THE DOCTOR: You mean we're the ones who created the time paradox. How did we do it?
SHAUGHNESSY: (Edward Grove) Is there anything the servants can get you, Doctor? It is such fun giving them little chores to do.
THE DOCTOR: No, thank you.
SHAUGHNESSY: (Edward Grove) Very well. You may leave, all of you, and return to your duties. I shall chime if I need anything.
MRS BADDELEY: Very good, sir.
FREDERICK/MARY: Yes, sir.
SHAUGHNESSY: (Edward Grove) No doubt I'll need another death at some point when I'm feeling hungry. I'll let you know which one of you I'll choose nearer the time.
STAFF: Thank you, sir.
(Walking off, door closed.)
THE DOCTOR: You do need death, don't you? The focus of your energy, the incident which caused the time loop. It was a death, wasn't it? A real death, not one of those fakes that you show?
SHAUGHNESSY: (Edward Grove) I show the echoes of death. Everything here is an echo of it. The life before her death, the despair which drove her to it.
THE DOCTOR: It's Edith, isn't it? Edith Thompson.
SHAUGHNESSY: (Edward Grove) Edith Thompson, who killed herself in Nineteen Thirty.
THE DOCTOR: She committed suicide, of course she did. Everyone was so certain she had.
SHAUGHNESSY: (Edward Grove) I can still feel the fear and the pain of that death, over and over again, like warm blood pumping through my veins.
THE DOCTOR: But if she died in Nineteen Thirty, why is the time loop here in Nineteen Hundred And Six?
SHAUGHNESSY: (Edward Grove) Because this is when you arrived, Doctor, and as soon as you did so, the reason for her death over twenty years later becomes impossible. And yet she does die in Nineteen Thirty. It's already happened.
THE DOCTOR: She didn't even die in Edward Grove, did she? It's the paradox which happens here.
SHAUGHNESSY: (Edward Grove) It isn't her death which has given me life. It's her dying and yet not dying, her being alive and dead at the same moment! Thanks to you, father, thanks to you. It has made me alive. It has made me dead.

EDITH: It wasn't until early November that they told us you were dead. I remember it was November, the weather had turned cold and wet. There was always muddy footprints to scrub from the kitchen floor. When you ran away from us, no-one knew where you'd gone, but they told us you'd been in some big airship which had crashed a world away, in France.
CHARLEY POLLARD: The R One Oh One. But I was rescued by the Doctor.
EDITH: They found your diary in the wreckage. They brought it home. The house was in mourning, but I wasn't allowed to mourn. Me, who had been your best friend. When you had been the only person who had ever been kind to me. When I loved you so much. They didn't let me mourn, I wasn't allowed to care that you had gone forever, not even when I had loved you the most of all of them.
CHARLEY POLLARD: Edith, the little kindness I showed you, if I even did, I didn't deserve your love. I'm not worth all this.
EDITH: Christmas in the house wasn't the same. No one wanted my plum pudding that year. Which is just as well, because I didn't want to make it. I only ever made it for you, it was only for you, my poppet. And they all forgot me, everybody forgot me, as they always did. And on Christmas Eve, late at night, I came down to the kitchen, all by myself, and picked up a carving knife.
CHARLEY POLLARD: No.
(Faint echo of the scream.)
EDITH: I didn't want to live. Not if you weren't alive. Not if my only friend was dead.
(Scream again, repeated and prolonged.)
CHARLEY POLLARD: That scream we always heard. It was you.
EDITH: It took me a long time to die. But I did it eventually. I died in the end. Just like you. Just like my Charley.
(The scream dies away to silence.)
CHARLEY POLLARD: What do you want of me?
EDITH: I want you to die, if you're meant to be dead. Or I want you to live, if you're meant to be alive. But I want one or the other, so that I know whether I'm dead or alive. So that I know whether I sliced my wrists open that Christmas Eve in Nineteen Thirty, or not.

THE DOCTOR: Edward, listen. Some freak phenomenon has made you sentient. An accident, one chance in several billion. Over a single two hours stretched backwards and forwards throughout eternity, you have evolved and learned to think and reason.
SHAUGHNESSY: (Edward Grove) It is an astonishing achievement.
THE DOCTOR: It is astonishing, but it's not an achievement. You haven't achieved anything.
SHAUGHNESSY: (Edward Grove) I have achieved life!
THE DOCTOR: No. I'm sorry, I really am. You talk of blood in your veins, you talk of breathing, of feeling, but you have no veins, you have nothing to feel with. You're intelligent, you're emotional, and you're dangerous too, very probably, but it's not life.
SHAUGHNESSY: (Edward Grove) You are wrong, Doctor.
THE DOCTOR: Think about it. Even now you only get a grasp on anything which even resembles life at the times that the chimes strike.
(Another low chime.)
THE DOCTOR: The sixth chime. Time is marching on. You can't hold it back forever. What are you going to do?
SHAUGHNESSY: (Edward Grove) What do you advise, Doctor?
THE DOCTOR: Give up this impossible dream of living. I can only communicate with you now through Shaughnessy, through another living being, independent of you, more deserving than you of life because he already has it.
SHAUGHNESSY: (Edward Grove) I know. I know I can only be a fraction of the simplest of my servants. They will always be more than me.
THE DOCTOR: So let them go, Edward. Let them live their lives, however empty you may think them, however meaningless they seem even to them. You have learned intelligence. Let's see if you have learned compassion as well.
SHAUGHNESSY: (Edward Grove) You are asking me to commit suicide.
THE DOCTOR: I am. I'm sorry.

EDITH: Well, my poppet? Well, my Charley? Are we alive? Or did we die?
(Heartbeat, echoing cries of panic and fire.)
CHARLEY POLLARD: I can feel ... fire. Burning, hot on my face. Then rushing at me. No. What

are you doing to me?
EDITH: You've got to know. I've got to know. Everyone has a right to know whether they're alive or dead.
(More sounds of the fire.)
CHARLEY POLLARD: People screaming. Wood snapping, breaking. The ground rushing ever closer. I knew I was dead. I knew it had all gone wrong, that I was dead.
EDITH: Put an end to this doubt. Know for sure whether we live or die.
CHARLEY POLLARD: Oh dear God, I'm dead. I can feel it now, that sick certainty as I realise I have seconds to live, that there's no escape. Oh dear God, dear God, I'm dead.
(The sounds stop, silence again.)
EDITH: And the Doctor?
CHARLEY POLLARD: Who is the Doctor?

SHAUGHNESSY: (Edward Grove) I have tasted life, Doctor. How can I let go of it now?
THE DOCTOR: You exist only as a spark, Edward, only as the very germ of life for a few seconds. Can you honestly say that those scant moments are worth all the years that this household would enjoy?
SHAUGHNESSY: (Edward Grove) I was trying to extend those seconds of influence, Doctor. To learn in time how I could exist for the entire two hours. I see that I was wrong.
THE DOCTOR: That's good.
SHAUGHNESSY: (Edward Grove) You have shown me that instead I could simply loop those few seconds back on themselves. As the chimes stop ringing, they will start again, forever and ever.
(Low chime.)
THE DOCTOR: No, that wasn't what I meant at all.
SHAUGHNESSY: (Edward Grove) I would crush the whole of my existence into one single eternal moment, if in that moment I can truly say I'm alive!
THE DOCTOR: And crush out the lives of everyone here in the process.
SHAUGHNESSY: (Edward Grove) Nonsense. I shall make them immortal!
THE DOCTOR: I can't let you do that.
SHAUGHNESSY: (Edward Grove) You haven't got the power to stop me, Doctor.
THE DOCTOR: If I can just stop Edith killing herself.
SHAUGHNESSY: (Edward Grove) You cannot reach her. She is where the dead go, before the loop begins again. And even now your friend Charley is living out those moments which will ensure the paradox is made.
THE DOCTOR: I can reach her. If I become your next murder victim.
SHAUGHNESSY: (Edward Grove) What?
THE DOCTOR: Every hour you kill someone, Edward, and it's still eleven o'clock, the chimes haven't yet finished ringing.
(Another low chime.)

EDITH: We must put an end to this, you and I. We must both use this knife.
(Blade being picked up from wood.)
EDITH: We're not alive, we should not pretend. We're dead.
CHARLEY POLLARD: Yes.
EDITH: You die first, then I shall die. That's the way it's meant to be. Clear and simple. Take the knife, my poppet. It will be over in a moment, and then we shall both have peace.

SHAUGHNESSY: (Edward Grove) I'm hardly likely to kill you, Doctor.
THE DOCTOR: Oh, I think you might. Shaughnessy, are you still in there?
(SHAUGHNESSY speaks in his own voice)
SHAUGHNESSY: (Irish) Yes, sir?
THE DOCTOR: I am a gentleman, aren't I? And your orders are to obey me without question.
SHAUGHNESSY: (Edward Grove) Oh, no.
THE DOCTOR: I want you to put your hands around my throat and throttle the life out of me.
SHAUGHNESSY: (Irish) Sir?
THE DOCTOR: Come on, man, chop-chop. What are you waiting for, Christmas?
SHAUGHNESSY: (Edward Grove) No! Leave the Doctor alive!
SHAUGHNESSY: (Irish) I can't help it, I can't resist a direct order from a gentleman.
(THE DOCTOR tries to speak while choking)

THE DOCTOR: I shall defeat you, Edward Grove!
(The remaining chimes start again.)
SHAUGHNESSY: (Edward Grove) No, Doctor. I will enjoy my few seconds of eternal life. Next time I have my power, at the chimes of midnight, I shall loop back time, and you shall live within my living body forever.
(His echoing voice fades away.)

EDITH: Do it now. Be brave, my poppet, and set us all free.
(The echoing voice of THE DOCTOR breaks through.)
THE DOCTOR: Stop! Here but not here. Charley, is that you? I can barely see you, can't reach you. What are you doing? Talk me through it, explain it to me.
CHARLEY POLLARD: I'm putting things to rights. I'm putting an end to this.
THE DOCTOR: No, Charley, you mustn't. Listen to me, it's the Doctor. Don't you remember me?
CHARLEY POLLARD: But I don't know the Doctor. He never rescued me.
THE DOCTOR: Of course you know me. Charley please, listen to me.
CHARLEY POLLARD: But I'm dead. Why didn't you rescue me? How can I be dead and alive at the same time?
EDITH: Are you dead, my poppet, or are you alive?
CHARLEY POLLARD: I don't know!
EDITH: Am I dead, or am I alive? You must know. You must decide.
THE DOCTOR: Charley, please. You didn't die. Right or wrong, we changed history, we changed all that. Whatever the consequences, we chose life, and that's what you must do now, Charley.
CHARLEY POLLARD: Help me, I'm so scared.
THE DOCTOR: You must choose life. You must choose life now. Listen to my voice. Can you hear my voice?
CHARLEY POLLARD: I can hear people screaming. I can hear fire burning.
EDITH: Choose, Charley. Make your choice.
THE DOCTOR: My voice, Charley. Focus on my voice. It's the Doctor. It's the Doctor.
CHARLEY POLLARD: I don't remember you.
THE DOCTOR: Charley, I need you. Without you we'd never have broken the curse upon Count Orsino. Without you, the psionivores would still be ruling Earth. Without you I'd never have found that edition of Oliver Twist in Charing Cross Road. Without you I would just be a lonely old man, rattling around in the TARDIS with no-one to talk to, my life going round and round without meaning. My life going round in circles.
CHARLEY POLLARD: I remember the TARDIS.
THE DOCTOR: You need me. Without me you would never have tread upon the beaches of alien worlds, or marvelled at the eclipse of new suns, the birth of new stars. You have seen the universe, Charley. You have made a difference to it.
CHARLEY POLLARD: But I see the flames, I hear the screams.
THE DOCTOR: No longer, Charley. You must remember me. You must remember the Doctor.
CHARLEY POLLARD: I remember ... the Doctor. I choose to live. Edith, I choose to live.
EDITH: If you're alive, does that mean I can stay alive too?
CHARLEY POLLARD: Of course. Please, Edith, choose to live as well.
EDITH: And what of me? I'm never going to see the universe. I'm never going to make a difference.
CHARLEY POLLARD: Edith, please. Put down the knife. Doctor, stop her.
THE DOCTOR: Edith.
(The heartbeats resume, getting faster and faster.)
EDITH: I'm just a scullery maid. I'm nothing. I'm nobody.
CHARLEY POLLARD: What's happening?
THE DOCTOR: It's Edward Grove, racing time on towards midnight. Then he can trap us here forever.
EDITH: Goodbye, Charley.
THE DOCTOR: Edith, don't do it. Die and the time loop will go on. Die and you'll be dying forever.
SHAUGHNESSY: (Edward Grove) I need you to die, Edith. Kill yourself now.
MRS BADDELEY: Obey your master. You'll never be anything.
CHARLEY POLLARD: Don't listen to them, Edith.

FREDERICK: Who could love a scullery maid?
MARY: Who could care for you?
EDITH: Will you remember me, Charley?
CHARLEY POLLARD: Of course I'll remember you.
(Racing heartbeats so fast they are now like a rattle.)
EDITH: You'll think of me on your alien worlds? You'll think of Edith.
CHARLEY POLLARD: I promise.
EDITH: Then I'll still make a difference, won't I? I'll still make a difference.
SHAUGHNESSY: (Edward Grove) You are nothing. You are nobody.
EDITH: No! I will not kill myself. However bad it might be, however lonely I might get, I choose to live.
(Knife thrown aside. The chimes start.)
SHAUGHNESSY: (Edward Grove) No. I want to live. I need to live. Doctor, help me!
THE DOCTOR: The paradox has been broken. There's nothing I can do.
SHAUGHNESSY: (Edward Grove) Make her kill herself. It's her life or mine. Please! It's her life or mine!
THE DOCTOR: Exactly.
SHAUGHNESSY: (Edward Grove) No...!
(His echoing voice fades away, then silence.)

(TARDIS console room humming. Both CHARLEY POLLARD and THE DOCTOR gasp.)
CHARLEY POLLARD: Where has everything gone?
THE DOCTOR: The time loop has been broken. The house has been expelled from the TARDIS.
CHARLEY POLLARD: What does that mean? Does that mean everything is all right?
THE DOCTOR: I imagine we're about to find out.

(Ticking clock. EDITH humming "Hark the Herald Angels Sing" while washing up.)
EDITH: (singing) Hark the Herald Angels sing, glory to the new-born King. Peace on mmm mmm mmm God and singers reconciled. Joy...
(Walking in.)
SHAUGHNESSY: What is all this noise?
(Noise of something dropped.)
EDITH: I'm sorry, sir, I didn't hear you come in.
SHAUGHNESSY: I should think you didn't, Edith. Not with all that caterwauling. Are you still scrubbing the pots and pans? Get a move on, girl, it's nearly midnight.
(Muffled sound of the TARDIS materialisation.)
SHAUGHNESSY: Edith, what was that?
EDITH: I'm sure I don't know, sir. I think it came from the larder.
(Door opens.)
THE DOCTOR: Ah, yes, Charley, here we are, back again. Now, let's wait and see, shall we?
SHAUGHNESSY: Excuse me, sir. Do you mind if I ask who you are?
(Walking forwards.)
THE DOCTOR: Not at, all, not at all. I'm the Doctor, and this is my niece, Miss Pollard. We're guests of his Lordship and ... what was I again, Charley?
CHARLEY POLLARD: He's an Inspector from Scotland Yard, and we've been ... inspecting your larder.
THE DOCTOR: That's right. His Lordship was telling us what a fine larder he has ... and he wasn't exaggerating, it's absolutely splendid. Do pass my compliments on to your scullery maid, I know she has a great future ahead of her.
SHAUGHNESSY: Yes, sir. Thank you, sir.
CHARLEY POLLARD: Well? Pass them on, then.
SHAUGHNESSY: Er ... Well done, Edith. You are a fine scullery maid.
EDITH: Thank you, sir, thank you. Oh, I'm quite overcome!
(The clock begins to chime.)
THE DOCTOR: Ah. Midnight, I presume.
CHARLEY POLLARD: Christmas Day, at last!
THE DOCTOR: We made it. Come on Charley, let's get out of here. Merry Christmas to you both.
SHAUGHNESSY: Won't you be joining his Lordship in celebration upstairs, sir?

THE DOCTOR: No, I don't think so. I love Christmas, but I always find the anticipation better than the actual thing.
CHARLEY POLLARD: Oh, and, Edith? Remember ... You are not nothing, you are not nobody, you are Edith Thompson. Be proud of that.
EDITH: Yes, Miss. Thank you, Miss. I will remember.
THE DOCTOR: Come on Charley, time we were leaving.
CHARLEY POLLARD: Doctor?
THE DOCTOR: Yes, Charley?
CHARLEY POLLARD: I can still remember. I still remember the flames, the screams. I still remember.
THE DOCTOR: Yes.
CHARLEY POLLARD: I can still remember dying. Doctor? Doctor, what does it mean?
THE DOCTOR: I think (sigh) well, you see. No, no, not now. Come on, Charley. Let's get away from here.
CHARLEY POLLARD: But when? I have to know.
THE DOCTOR: Soon, I promise. Now in, quickly.
(The larder door closes. Muffled TARDIS dematerialisation.)
EDITH: I am Edith Thompson. I am somebody.
(She cheerfully hums the whole first verse of "Hark The Herald Angels Sing.")